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ANECDOTES OF NORTHCOTE.

[Continued from p. 111.]

IT would be difficult to name any one amongst our distinguished contemporaries who loved, and at the same time practised candour more uniformly than did Northcote. It was in consequence of the integrity of his opinions, that many, not capable of appreciating this superior quality of his mind, pronounced him an ill-natured cynic, whilst on the contrary he was a truly kind-hearted man.

Few men understood human nature better than he did: the study of man had indeed been a favourite pursuit with him from the first to the last; and his perceptions, naturally acute, from the exercise of this faculty of "reading the minds of men", had made him an adept in the science. Hence it may be said of him, that he on many occasions developed the motives of his neighbours' actions, when they were not clearly defined to themselves:—such a man was the celebrated Lord Shaftsbury. Indeed, we know not with whom to compare Mr. Northcote, in this rare faculty, so aptly as that extraordinary nobleman.

One amongst innumerable instances of his acuteness and foresight, which we could record from our own knowledge, occurred at the period when the late Mr. Whitbread undertook the arrangement of the affairs of Drury-lane theatre. The known energy of this distinguished personage, added to his universal reputation for honour and integrity, excited the hopes of all involved in that ruinous concern, that everything wrong would be made right, and that the affairs of "old Drury" would regenerate and prosper under his powerful auspices. If generous zeal and never-ceasing perseverance in the cause could have accomplished what was hoped, and what was expected, indeed, from the exertion of his influence, Mr. Whitbread would have saved the concern. The po-

popularity of Kean and other auspicious circumstances, arising out of Mr. Whitbread's active management, for some time augured well. Every one who possessed property, over whom the great manager had the least influence, was canvassed by him to support his new undertaking by the purchase of shares. Few who were asked, relying on the judgement and integrity of Mr. Whitbread, refused: Northcote, however, may be instanced as a memorable exception.

This eminent painter had, for the preceding two or three years, experienced the most flattering personal attentions from Mr. Whitbread and his amiable lady. He had partaken of the elegant hospitalities of Southill, and was admitted of the friendly coterie in Dover-street. He received, moreover, a commission to paint a portrait of the illustrious senator,—an honour of which he was justly proud, Northcote too being a patriot.

On this friendly footing it was not surprising that Mr. Whitbread, presuming that the painter had realized some funded property, should invite him to become a share-holder. In fact, Mr. Whitbread called in Argyll-place, and personally asked Mr. Northcote's support, at the same time expatiating upon the advantages likely to arise from the investment.

This application failed; and we have reason for believing that what passed at the interview must have been sufficiently painful to both parties: the one in experiencing a refusal, and the other in feeling it right to refuse.

We hold the memory of Mr. Whitbread in too sacred respect to revive the recollection of his fatal interference in the affairs of the theatre, further than to say, that on this occasion the extraordinary perception and foresight of Mr. Northcote amounted to absolute prophecy.

Within an hour after the interview we were in the painter's studio, and being tête-à-tête, he gave free utterance to his reflections upon the subject thereof. "Gude God!" he ejaculated, "what folly it is to hold any converse with the great, other than that which belongs to a man as to his mere profession! He may respect,—nay, he may look up to, and honour them as his patrons and employers; but to indulge in the egregious vanity of supposing he can hold community with them on the footing of friends, is a moral misdemeanour for which the perpetrator ought to be soundly whipped."

"Why look-e! History affords no instance of a man being on even apparently easy and familiar terms with another much his superior in rank and fortune, but at the expense of his independence. That equality, which flattery on one side at least presumes, is impossible. The

great, as patrons, from their condescension may excite the gratitude, the affection,—aye! even the devotion, of the client; but the great are incapable of sympathetic feelings with such; they are too conscious that they bestow, and ever mindful that we receive; their patronage shuts up every inlet to affection on their part, and your familiarity is at best only on sufferance.—No, the tenure upon their affections is not worth the wax that seals the bond for its security;—it is ever liable to be torn and thrown by your haughty patron in your own foolish face.”

The painter all this while was employed on his picture; a subject from Mr. Fox’s account of King James the Second: and proceeding with his reflections by instalments,—by those flits and snatches which, nevertheless, he joined together with extraordinary nicety, particularly when it is considered that a considerable portion of his mind was necessarily occupied upon the picture.

One of those pauses now ensued, when he seemed to labour as though he was recovering by the use of both oars for the little way he had made upon the tide of his art; when, his energies having as it were fetched up, he renewed his cynical declamation with that vehemence which seemed to portend a climax. “Yes!” said he emphatically, “his ambitious mind has grasped this difficulty, and he is determined to conquer it. He has raised his standard, and thinks to enroll me amongst the madmen and blockheads who come at his call. When such as *he* condescend to ask favours of such as *me*, be-sure it behoves one to be on one’s guard. Gude God! He *knows*, as all of his class know, that to *ask* of those whom they have condescended to smile upon, is to *command*.”

“Well, but my dear friend,” said his listener, “you are including, in your animadversions upon a class, an individual, who is superior to this heartlessness, one who is perhaps as single-minded and as much above such sentiments as any—”

“Pshaw! how can’*e* defend him? They are all alike. What is it they will not do to gratify their greediness for eclat, their ravening after applause?—you can oppose no moral bounds to their ambition. I do not say he has courted this new, this popular appointment, with the envious eyes of all the fashionable world upon him: No,—but he has taken it.—He has rashly embarked in the mighty concern; he is launched upon an unknown sea, with all his friends on board,—and if he goes down,—why they must be engulfed with him.”

“But, my friend, knowing the honour of the party as you do, can you suppose that he would allow you to be a sufferer,—supposing that it should ultimately prove a losing speculation?”

"Prithee do not talk so idly!—You make me mad!" Then suspending his operations, turning round upon the pivot of his stool, pushing his spectacles above his brow, and "looking daggers", he exclaimed, "What! then, would ye have me, after losing in a speculation upon mock-kings and mock-queens,—upon *Punch*! the pittance which I have saved from the labours of my life, to keep me and her (meaning his sister) from poverty in our old age,—would ye have me go to him, in *formâ pauperis*, to ask of his bounty, that which I had fooled away? If it were a duty, I could lay me down quietly, and submit to be smothered:—But I thought ye knew me better than to suppose me capable of that!"

No, in honour to the manes of the venerable painter be it said, had he embarked his all, and lost it in that most unfortunate speculation, notwithstanding his severe animadversions upon one of the noblest and most honourable of men, he would have perished rather than have enrolled himself amongst those who reproached the great mind of him who became victim to the ruin which ensued.

Northcote has been reproached as being a sordid man. Nothing than such an aspersion is further from the truth. He ever had the greatest reluctance to ask for money, where it was justly due to him; and was the most enduring of all ill-used creditors. He lent money without interest; and, never asking for it, not unfrequently—lost it. Very numerous instances could be proved of his having painted whole-lengths, half-lengths, and bust portraits, which were delivered and never paid for; and many remained on his own premises unsettled for, and consequently unredeemed: yet he never worried the persons for whom they were painted, or even threatened the parties or their families to recover his right by law. Had he been worldly-minded, he might have left to his successors a far better estate.

We recollect two very large whole-length portraits of a Lord and his Lady, painted "to order", which were never paid for, and remained in his gallery, to the scandal of the parties whom they represented. He was advised to compel payment, as other creditors of His Lordship had done, successfully too; but he shook his head, and observed, "I would rather starve than appear in the dirty character of a plaintiff in a case of debt to persons of their rank, for whom I had once professed an esteem and respect."

It was owing to the prudence and foresight which enabled this venerable artist to provide for the coming winter of life, that he was enabled thus to indulge in these noble sentiments.

Many, who knew him not sufficiently, judged unkindly of him, from



the unreserved manner in which he was accustomed to speak of himself. Rousseau wrote his *Own Confessions*; and might as well, for the cause of morality, when he had written them have put his manuscript into the fire.

Had Northcote felt alike disposed to pen his *confessions*,—to have turned over the page that contained his self-examinations and general reflections would have been a rich intellectual treat.

That he held Truth in sacred regard may be inferred generally from all he said, and all he did: hence, in expressing the movements of his own independent mind, he uttered what he felt without disguise. Had he cared much for the opinion of the world, he would of necessity have become more cautious; for many, judging by the letter rather than the spirit of his confessions, with the usual charity of civilized fools, applying to him the axiom, "Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee,"—gave him credit for sentiments which he was the last to entertain.

Opie—his friend Opie, was painting a picture; the subject the Death of David Rizzio. It was nearly completed, when Northcote was invited to come and see it, and give an opinion of its merits;—an exchange of those friendly offices was common to each. Northcote attentively viewed the picture, acknowledged its general excellence, and told his friend that, when finished, he thought it would certainly be Opie's *chef-d'œuvre*. Be it known, that at this period, forty years ago, these sworn friends were both successfully pursuing the same department of their art, and were considered by public opinion to be rival candidates for a seat in the temple of Fame.

"When I returned to my painting-room," said Northcote, "I took up my palette and pencils with an inveterate determination to do something that should raise me a name; but my inspiration was only a momentary dream. The ghost of that picture stood between me and my blank canvas, and I could see nothing but the murderers of David Rizzio. I felt I could have rejoiced if they had seized the painter and murdered him instead.—Yes, I could! This dwelt upon my fancy, until I laughed at the conceit; for thought I, then had there been a meddling fiddler and a rival painter dispatched at the same expense;" adding, "and if all the fiddlers and all the painters were smothered, for aught I know, they might well be spared." Northcote smiled as he said this, and proceeded with his work.

Taking up the thread of his discourse, he rejoined, "I dreamed of the picture whilst wide awake, and I dreamed of the picture when fast asleep; how could I help it?—There was a passage in the composition, wherein the torches, for the scene was represented as 'e may remember by torch-light; and it was the finest trait of effect that ever proceeded

from mortal hand. I still dwelt upon it with my mind's eye in sheer despair. To attempt anything so original—so gloriously fine,—I might as well have set about creating another world. I should have died, but for a fortuitous circumstance. The Fates I suppose had decreed, that if I were doomed to death, Opie was not to be the executioner; for, impelled by that fated curiosity which urges man again to court the sight of that which has already made them sufficiently wretched, as though we froward mortals were determined to assuage the ranklings of jealousy, by provoking stark staring madness,—impelled by this, look-e, I called to see the hated picter."

"Well, my dear friend, and how did you feel?—for I am prodigiously inter—"

"How did I feel? Gude God! I would not have had Opie know what was passing in my mind for all the world—no, not even to have been the author of the *picter*. Judge if 'e *can* what I felt!—why, some wretch, some demon, had persuaded him to alter the whole structure of the piece;—he had adopted the fatal advice—had destroyed that glory of the art, and ruined,—yes, to my solace,—irrecoverably ruined the piece."

Characteristics like these may well startle the generous-minded, and lead them to despise the utterer of such apparent malice. Yet we, who know the real character of the man, feel assured, that had Opie's *David Rizzio* been successfully accomplished according to his first intention, his friend Northcote would have been foremost in proclaiming with honest zeal the entire honours due to the achievement:—yes; Northcote indulged in "giving loose" to all his inward thoughts; and too many who listened to him "took him at his word," and judged him accordingly.

To young artists he was kind and condescending, and always easily accessible. Such traits in the pictures or drawings which they submitted to his acute judgment, that happened to display originality and talent, gave him delight; for he felt a patriotic pride in the Arts of his country.

"Where, young man, did-e get this study from?"

"From Nature, sir."

"From *Natur*, did-e? (meanwhile playing with his finger upon the under lip) I wish-e would introduce me to her, for you be a favourite! She somehow hides these things from us old men. Well, and do-e find employment?"

"Not much, sir—I am very little known."

"Hem! can-e leave the picter with me for a day or two?"

"Yes, sir."

"I expect Lord —— will call on me, and Sir ——; they are patrons of art: I will show it to them—Call again—I shall be glad to see thee. I will do what I can—I am delighted with-'e!—never mind the door—I'll shut it—Can-'e find the way down stairs? Mind-'e, be of good heart—good bye to-'e,—God bless-'e."

Take notice, courteous reader, this colloquy passed between the venerable painter and an ingenious youth, an entire stranger.

Mr. Westall, we mean the R. A., when quite a young man, waited upon Mr. Northcote with some of his drawings for the benefit of his opinion and advice as to his future progress. Mr. Northcote attentively examined one, then another; and returning to the first, exclaimed, "This is something new in art. How do-'e do 't? I did not believe that water-colours could be brought to this perfection. Why, young man, they are the most beautiful specimens of art that I have ever seen:—I would give the world to do such things. Hey!—not find encouragement say 'e!—Do not fear, it only needs that they be seen, to be felt;—proceed, and be assured you will soon be popular—yes, you'll carry all before-'e."

Mr. Northcote had the satisfaction soon to see his opinion verified; for never perhaps did young painter rise more rapidly in the estimation of the encouragers of art. And certainly the encouragement, though unexampled, was not above the desert of him who obtained it; for many of the finest drawings by Mr. Westall were for several consecutive years distinguished amongst the most generally attractive works of the Somerset-house exhibition.

Mr. Northcote, who was a great admirer of water colour art, always maintained, and his judgment upon this subject has never been disputed, that "Westall is as much entitled to share in the honour of being one of the founders of the school of painting in water-colours, as his highly-gifted contemporaries Girtin and Turner."

[To be continued.]

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JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN ITALY. By ROBERT ADAM, ESQ.

[Concluded from p. 178.]

WHAT pleased me most was, coming through the Borgo into the town, to see the houses on both sides founded on the ancient reticulated work, which would make one imagine that the houses of the ancient town had occupied precisely the same ground, or that these at least were

walls raised by the ancients on each side of the road, of which there are still great fragments remaining all the way between the Borgo and the Mola di Gaieta. One sees likewise the continuation of sepulchral monuments by the road side, and passes the ruins of an amphitheatre, and aqueduct of the ancient Minturnæ, near to the Garigliano, the quiet Liris of Horace: from thence there are two stages to Capua.—Next morning I went and delivered a letter for Colonel Odoherthy; and after dining with him, set forward for Old Capua, where there are still great remains of the Amphitheatre and a triumphal arch stript of its ornaments. I then proceeded to Naples, where I took up my quarters in Nanny's, a good English house. Next day, the 9th of September, waited on Sir James Gray, who was a-bed, and did not receive me. At night went to Sir Francis Eyles's, which is a good agreeable family, and there I met the Consul, with Crowle and Bowens. The Bay of Naples is delightful, and the situation of the town perfectly fine: it seems very populous\*, though I am persuaded the accounts given of the numbers are generally much magnified. The streets are excellently paved with the lava of Mount Vesuvius.—Sunday 13th. Dined in the country with the Consul and Sir Francis's family.—Monday. Waited on Sir James Gray, and had a long conversation with him.—On Tuesday morning went to Portici with Abbé Clementi, and saw the antique paintings, statues, and mosaics. Some of the first are extremely curious both from the subjects and execution: the two equestrian statues are excellent, the others are not remarkable. From this I went and visited the Subterranean City, of which one sees only the Theatre distinctly, where the *gradini* are perfectly entire: but one cannot form from it any idea of the *scena* and *proscenium*, which are what we are most at a loss about. The rest of the passages are an underground maze, that one can form no idea of, only that one sees here and there fragments of houses, incrustations of marble, and mosaic pavements. This serves, however, to give an idea of the height of the lava, which is immense, having been no less than a perpendicular body of about 130 feet thick.—Returning from this, I called on Mr. Morris, and dined with him: after dinner we walked to where this immense body of lava had entered the sea and formed a rocky shore. It is here they have a quarry of this matter for paving stones.

Wednesday. Went early in the morning to the ancient city of Pompeii, where they are now digging. This has not been destroyed by

\* Some allege that the number of inhabitants are five, six, seven, and some eight hundred thousand; but the more moderate confine it to four hundred thousand: I should not reckon it above three hundred thousand at most.

lava, but either by an earthquake, or, as they seem rather to allege, by a prodigious shower of ashes from the mountain. In this way likewise they account for the destruction of ancient Stabia, eight miles from Pompeii; and say that these places being suddenly destroyed by these showers, the inhabitants had no time to transport their effects, or escape themselves: and from this, many dead bodies are found, and gold, jewels, &c. in both places;—whereas Herculaneum being destroyed by lava, which rolls slowly on, the inhabitants of that town had had time to remove all things of value that were portable, so that no jewels or medals are discovered there. At Pompeii I saw a room which seemed to have been painted with arabesques, and had a very pretty mosaic pavement with a Medusa's head in the centre.—Returning to Portici, I alighted to examine the last stream of lava, which is of last year, and is yet so hot that one is perfectly sensible of the heat in approaching it; it smells strong of sulphur, and has really a hideous appearance, as it seems the most prodigious wreck of nature that one can imagine. One sees mixed with it the ruins of those houses it destroyed in its passage. A little nearer Portici is the stream of the year 1739, which is also a great one. After having examined it I went to Mr. Morris's, where I dined, and visited the Museum after dinner along with him. It is impossible to name the infinite number of curious things contained in that collection:—and it is a great satisfaction to find that they are going to publish them by degrees, though no doubt it is a much higher pleasure to examine them on the spot than in any book.

Thursday morning. Went and examined the Catacombs, cut in the rock near Naples; they are vast and roomy, but have nothing of elegance. Went from thence to the Capo del Monte, where is a very fine collection of pictures, amongst which are some of the greatest masters, brought from Parma: here is also a collection of cameos and medals.

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At Pausilippo I saw several remains of antiquity, particularly a villa of Asinius Pollio which has been very extensive, but now there are small remains of it, and it is at present rather curious than instructive.—Monday. Visited the remaining churches; from which there is nothing to be learned in the way of architecture: all modern churches being nearly in the same style, that is, all equally bad. Dined at Sir James Gray's; and upon coming home found Clerisseau was arrived; upon which I went and fixed matters with him for the present, and set out next morning for Puzzuoli with the Abbé, George, and Raffael. There we saw the Temple of Serapis, of which the plan is very curious; and saw also at Cumæ some ancient sepulchres, where the stuccos are remaining

vastly entire: they are of excellent workmanship, and of the lowest relief I ever beheld; but their being close upon the eye made that more necessary. In this tour we saw likewise the remains of an amphitheatre well constructed, its passages, &c. being of the *opera reticulata*. In one of the vaults there is still to be seen the remains of stucco work, very flat but very elegant, in a sort of hexagonal compartments, which has a pretty effect. There are also on this road the remains of a Temple of Neptune, very great, but very imperfect.

Returning in the evening to Puzzuoli, we there saw the Mole called the ruins of Caligula's Bridge, and the poor remains of Cicero's villa. There is a good statue of a Consular figure, and an antique pedestal with elegant sculpture, both in the market-place.—Next morning we set out for Baia, and went first to the Temple of Apollo upon the Lake Avernus; from thence to the Grotto of the Sibyl\*. Thence to the Baths of Nero, where there is a vault and the stucco work still very entire with octagonal panels. Along this shore there are constructions of incredible extent, and no less surprising for their situation upon the declivity of the steepest banks, and even built into the water. These the antiquaries call by the names of Marius's Villa, Cæsar's Villa, &c. Proceeding along the shore towards the Castle of Baia, one sees the remains of several temples, which seem to have been very elegant, from what still remains: these are generally named the Temples of Diana, Mercury, and Venus†. From this we went to the sepulchre of Agrippina, where there still remain some of the stucco ornaments, very perfect, upon the ceilings of the passages. From thence to the Cento Camerelle; and from them to the Piscina Mirabilis, which is said to

\* Cumæ, which is said to have been founded shortly after the Trojan war, obtained great celebrity on account of its Sibylline oracles. The spot itself and its whole *contorni* were well calculated to foster the superstitious belief of its being the favoured residence of a supernatural power, and mystic beings. Even now the Grotto of the Sibyl, with its o'erarching cavern vault, awakes in the visitor a feeling akin to awe, and its aspect is consonant with the traditions and reminiscences connected with it. The Temple of Apollo stood on a promontory facing the entrance of the Grotto, with which it was connected by a subterraneous passage. In 1809 a *hypogæum* was discovered near Cumæ, containing many curious paintings in relief on stucco, which have been described by Sickler in his treatise *De monumentis aliquot Græcis e sepulchro Cumæo nuper eratis*, 1812.—EDIT.

† “ More conspicuous than any of the other ruins along the shore are the octagonal Temple of Venus, and the two circular ones of Mercury and Diana: all of these are covered with domes, and that of the last-mentioned structure is very remarkable, inasmuch as the contour of its vault evidently describes a *pointed arch*, indisputably the earliest instance of the kind that is to be met with in Italy.”—See *Von der Hagen's Briefe*, vol. iii.—EDIT.

have been in Lucullus's villa, and afterwards possessed by Tiberius. From this, doubling Cape Miseno, we went and dined at Procida, and from Procida went forward in the evening to Ischia; made the round of the island,—saw the hot baths, lay there that night, and next morning the wind proving contrary for Capri, came again to Puzzuoli by sea, and thence to town that evening.—Saturday 26th. Went to the Mountain and satisfied my curiosity about it, at the expense of being very heartily fatigued.—Next morning set off for Caserta, where I went to see the Aqueduct, which is really great and expensive, and seems to be well constructed; but as to design, is the *most imperfect work I ever beheld*. Afterwards visited the Palace, which is great in its whole, and of extreme good and durable construction; but *wonderfully defective in its detail, like the whole of Vanvitelli's works* \*. The dividing the square into small courts has a bad effect, and makes it have the appearance of so many cloisters in a convent. The entry too is very diminutive for the principal access to a great palace; but there is something pretty and noble in the carcass of the great staircase, with its lobby both below and above. The king has been wonderfully happy in his materials, particularly marbles, of which he has got a great number of very fine columns. The division of the apartments above seems great, but done with little taste and variety, in the usual modern style; and I think the Theatre very ill contrived. As to the decoration of the whole one cannot yet judge of it, no part being yet finished; but from

\* We have taken the liberty of printing this and two other strong observations on Vanvitelli's style, in italics, in order to call the reader's attention to them. Adam does not appear to have minced the matter, or to have selected the softest expressions for his purpose. We only regret that he introduced so few remarks of the kind into his journal; and even those few we could wish to have been less brief; for it is such unreserved criticism and comment that would render the private diary or correspondence of an artist both interesting and instructive. Hardly any architects, however, appear to have had an epistolary taste, or to have descanted upon paper, otherwise than *ex cathedra*, on topics relating to their profession. They seem to be a very cautious reserved race.—*Au reste*, Adam has not been a whit more severe upon Vanvitelli than is warranted. It is really deplorable to find such a pile as the Palace of Caserta erected after such a very mediocre design. It is, as Wren observed of Versailles, mere "bits of littleness" amassed together. By the by, Sir Kit himself did not produce anything better at Hampton Court. And when the author of the *Adelphi* is scandalized at the impure taste shown by others, and the author of the second edition of *Wolsey's Palace* at Hampton Court is shocked at the paltry littleness of manner—we may add the excessive insipidity—ostentatiously displayed at Versailles, we can hardly forbear applying to them the vulgar proverb of the pot and the kettle.—EDIT.



what one can judge from the model and Vanvitelli's other works, it must be execrable\*. The basement on the outside is vastly too high for the order. All this may be better considered from the book of this Palace which I have.—Sunday night. Returned to Naples, and on Tuesday visited the king's palace, where there are some good pictures, in but a poor house, ill-designed, and worse decorated. There is the old Castle near it, a gateway in the style of an ancient triumphal arch, which seems to have been composed of fragments; and though its sculpture is very impure, there is something in the whole that pleases.—I proposed setting out on Wednesday for Benevento, but was prevented by Clerisseau's illness.—Thursday. Went and saw the Theatre, which is very large, and is said when full to contain 3,000 persons, which I much doubt, although there are indeed six rows of boxes. The form seems to me absurd, and very ill calculated for seeing; in short, there is nothing uncommon in this theatre but its size, and therefore it affords no new idea.

Friday 2nd October. Went with Clerisseau, Zucchi, and George to Benevento, where there is a noble Arch of Trajan, as may be seen from the drawings I there made of it;—there are no other considerable antiquities there.—Wednesday. Dined at Mr. Robertson's, and went in the evening to Sir Francis's, where I met Sir James, who gave me the following letter from the Regency, refusing my request to go into Sicily with my people.—Copy of the letter: "Il Marchese Tannucci dopo avere rinnovata al Sig. Cav. Gray la sua perfetta stima ed ossequio, ha l'onore di dirgli, che avendo fatte presenti a S. M. Sec. le premure

\* By way of set-off against the unfavourable opinion expressed by our author, and confirmed by ourselves, we will here quote that of a recent French architectural critic, who in speaking of this palace thus sums up what he considers it merits: "Oui, il fut heureux que le palais de Caserte n'ait pas été construit plutôt dans le dix-huitième siècle; par bonheur il fut élevé à un époque où, désabusé des capricieuses innovations de la période précédente le goût avait commencé à rentrer dans les voies de l'ordre, de la raison, de la simplicité, premières causes de toute beauté dans l'art de bâtir." In his description of the aqueduct, the same writer says: "Rien de plus grand n'a été fait depuis les entreprises des Romains." The first stone of the palace of Caserta was laid Jan. 20th, 1752. The other works executed by Vanvitelli are sufficiently numerous: he erected the Lazaretto at Ancona, (a pentagonal structure,) and was employed on many buildings both in that city and in Macerata, Perugia, Pesaro, Fuligno, and Sienna. But it is to the palace and aqueduct at Caserta that he is indebted for the rank he holds among the architects of the eighteenth century. Vanvitelli was born at Naples in 1700, and died at Caserta 1773. There is a biographical memoir of him by his grandson, in a thin octavo volume, entitled, *Vita dell' Architetto Luigi Vanvitelli*: Napoli, 1823.—EDIT.

del Sig. Cav. Gray per concedersi al Sig. Adam col seguito di altre persone il permesso di poter liberamente far prendere nella Sicilia e forse anche nella Calabria e nella Puglia i disegni delle principali antichità di questi regni, e anche di fare degli scavi, se il bisogno lo portasse, per poter sapere le proporzioni di una colonna e l'altezza di una base o piedestallo; Sua M. Sec. é venuta in concedere la licenza di disegnare solo quel genere di antichità che apparisce sopra terra al solo Inglese, che veda con un solo disegnatore e colla persona che da S. M. Sec. gli sarà data colla istruzione conveniente. E con ciò lo scrivente si rassegna come sopra.

"Portici, 6 Ottobre, 1761."

Upon considering this letter, I wrote to Sir James that rather than be disappointed of my project, I would fall in with the law prescribed; viz. not to dig, to carry only one draughtsman and two servants, namely, Clerisseau, with George and Joseph, and to have Clerisseau take a servant with him.—Friday 16th. Made a jaunt with the Consul, and Eyles family, &c. to Caserta, saw the palace and aqueduct a second time, without more satisfaction than the first, and returned in the evening to town.—Monday. Saw Sir James, and received at last my passport, which came so late that we agreed it was better to delay our journey to Sicily till the spring, the season being now far advanced, the weather bad, and the days short.

Sunday the 25th. Went with Strange to Puzzuoli, where with Clerisseau I examined with great care the Temple of Serapis, which in forming the plan has its own difficulties, particularly this; that besides the columns of the great or inner portico, there are a great many fragments of other two diameters, the lesser of which we could find no use for, because by the fragments of circular and straight architraves, one must determine that the order of the circular building in the centre, and the portico round the cortile have formerly been of the same diameter. To confirm this, there remain several of the bases round the cortile, and the square of the pedestals before the columns answers to the same diameter. Perhaps the lesser columns may have been employed in the great temple behind not yet discovered.\* We made a plan and detail of this with great exactness. From this we went to

\* In his exceedingly interesting *Briefe in die Heimät*, the antiquary Von der Hagen says: "What is more particularly deserving of attention beyond all the rest is the temple of Jupiter Serapis, whose ruins have not been completely cleared out till very recently. The architecture, which is admirable, is of the best Romano-Greek period, and is, if not entirely constructed of, at least incrustated throughout with, marble, which material has been also

the Temple of Neptune, which seems to have been of a very particular form, as may be seen from the plan of the remains, and the view taken. From thence we visited the remains of the Amphitheatre, which is not very large, but seems to have been constructed with more than usual magnificence, having the passages lined with *opera reticulata*, and the vaults finished with stucco in an elegant manner, as may be seen from the view, &c. After this, came back to our lodging, where we dined; and in the course of conversation I learned from Mr. Strange, that clean French paper imported into England paid a higher duty than prints stitched into books; that printing was excessively dear in England, he paying his printer one guinea per hundred: that his allowance to retailers was thirteen to the dozen, and twenty or twenty-five per cent. besides, with which they were not contented: that he did not reckon all the charges of a plate paid till he had sold four hundred prints; but reckons I may pay all expenses at two hundred: reckons my large prints may sell at five shillings each, according to the rate prints are at present sold in England.

Next morning we went over to Baiæ, and saw first the Temple of Apollo by the Lake Avernus, which has been very great, with bathing apartments round it, as may be seen from the plan. From hence we went to Nero's Baths, where there are still the remains of a stucco ceiling; in a low arch of this there is a view. From this to the three temples, which they now name the Temples of Diana, Mercury, and Venus; those, by the remains, seem to have formed one great composi-

employed for the pavement. Adjoining the lofty portal of the temple, which has a remarkably deep *cella*, is a low quadrangle with colonnades, very much resembling the cloisters of our churches. In the centre of this stood a small circular temple (probably intended for sacrifices), consisting of sixteen columns, forming an open peristyle, and having a statue before each column. Only the pedestals of the statues now remain, and the columns themselves have been removed to Caserta. In its general disposition this Serapis Temple bears a strong resemblance to the Temple of Isis at Pompeii, but is much more spacious and magnificent."—Von der Hagen visited Italy in 1817, that is nearly sixty years later than Adam; and the passage we have quoted will serve to illustrate the text of the latter. The accomplished and intelligent Madame Von der Recke speaks of the Temple of Serapis in the highest terms of admiration. "In grandeur and dignity," she says, "these ruins eclipse every other monument of antiquity I have ever beheld. The outer inclosure of the temple was formed by twenty-eight cells or chambers, around an oblong quadrangular court, with a magnificent portal on the side towards the sea. Some of these apartments were occupied by the priests, while others were used as baths, and for the accommodation of invalids who sought relief from the deity of the fane. Four noble lofty columns of *cipollino* adorned the portal, &c."—EDIT.

tion, as they appear to have been formerly linked together by a number of chambers, &c. of various forms; but whether this was one great whole, or only inferior apartments, such as bathing-rooms, &c. to each of the three temples, is hard to determine; it is not impossible that these may have each had their bathing apartments, like that of Apollo above mentioned. It is certain that the remaining constructions behind the Temple of Venus have been baths, for there are still streams of hot water conveyed into them, and they are formed for the convenience of bathing. In several of these rooms there still remain stucco ceilings of various forms and of elegant workmanship, such as may be seen from the drawings taken on the spot.—From this we went to the Sepulchre of Agrippina, mother of Nero, of which likewise we have the ceiling. Here we dined at an *osteria*, and then proceeded to the Piscina Mirabilis, and down to the *mare morto*. From thence returned to our boat at the above monument, and went straight across the bay to Puzzuoli.

Sunday the 1st of November. Went again to Puzzuoli: it proved a bad day. Strange went with me; and we visited in our way the Grotto del Cane. When we came to Puzzuoli we looked over the operations of Clerisseau, &c. and then walked towards the Solfaterra, which we examined a second time. In the evening Strange and I came to town; and on the Wednesday following, Clerisseau, &c. arrived, a good deal hurt by the badness of the air of the place, but with all their operations complete. We waited now for an opportunity of good weather to go to Capri, but it still continued to rain so hard that there was no venturing.—Friday. I dined at the Duchess of Bridgewater's and Sir Richard's.—Sunday the 8th. Mr. Grenville and his lady arrived here in their way to Constantinople; they seem to be very agreeable people, and I found I had been particularly recommended to Mr. G. by Mr. Elliot.—Saturday 14th. I set out with Clerisseau, &c. for Pesto: we lay that night at Salerno, and next day proving extremely bad, we continued at Salerno, visited the cathedral, and made some drawings of ornaments, &c.—Monday we passed in the same manner; and set forward on Tuesday for Pesto. Clerisseau took this opportunity to talk to me of his situation, and seemed to dread the uncertainty of his share of the designs; when to make sure at all events, I agreed to give from the end of those months he had received at Venice, one hundred and fifty zechini per annum to the time I left him, and afterwards two hundred zechini per annum, and to take twelve designs per annum at twelve zechini each, for which he is to answer all commissions, direct the engravings, and deliver the original drawings.—This night lay at an inn about twelve

miles from Pesto; and next morning went forward to the Schiaffa, a river four miles on this side of Pesto, where the high flood had carried away the rope on which the boat goes; and it being impossible to replace it, we were obliged to return that night to Salerno, where we stayed till Friday the 20th, when we went by sea to Pesto. There are here the remains of two Basilica, and one temple of the Doric order; it is an early, inelegant, and unenriched Doric, without bases and without proportion.\* Of these, however, we made two views that can enter into the work, and took some general dimensions, referring the rest to the work of Count Gazzoli. The walls of the town still remain, but very much ruined; they have been flanked by towers, and have gates still remaining at different distances: we could observe traces of other buildings with columns, and the vestiges of an amphitheatre. The sea seems formerly to have approached nearer to the city, and one can perceive some works like a port or quay still remaining. The water is at present extremely bad here, but was anciently conveyed from a neighbouring hill by an aqueduct, of which there are still some vestiges. Pesto is the only ruined place I ever saw where the destruction of the buildings has not raised the ground above its former level: here one discovers the original pavement in many places, which leaves little or no hopes of any discovery by digging.—Monday 23rd. We arrived in the evening at Naples. The return of bad weather hindered our setting out for Capri till Friday the 27th; when the wind proved favourable. We arrived in the evening; and next day visited the antiquities, and made a view of some remains of the *souterrains* of one of Tiberius's palaces, and

\* It is hardly to be wondered at, that our architect did not at all relish a style which has nothing in common with the so-called Doric of the moderns, except its name. It must have been like turning from Tom Moore's opera-house beauties to Milton's Eve, who unlike her more fashionable daughters of the present day, was a mere *bipes implumis*. By 'without proportion' he doubtless meant 'disproportioned'; in which, however, we certainly do not hold with him; for it is nothing else than a contradiction in terms to call that 'disproportioned,' of which all the parts concur to produce uniformity of expression throughout. Without attempting to enter here into any comparison between the pristine Doric of Magna Græcia and the pseudo Doric of modern Italy, we shall merely remark that the very preference given by them to the latter militates most strongly against that fundamental article in the code established by the modern lawgivers of the art, namely, that the orders of architecture borrowed from the ancients are incapable of alteration and improvement; since, if the ancient Doric be rude, inelegant, heavy, and in fact, without proportion, compared with modern specimens, it follows of necessity that that order has been materially improved by the changes it has undergone:—the corollary is self-evident.—EDIT.

another of a grotto, which it is imagined may have originally been intended for a place of devotion, an altar and image having been found there, and but lately removed.—Sunday 29th. Came to Sorrento, where it is probable there have been some considerable monuments of antiquity, from the precious fragments there to be seen incrusting in the cortile of the bishop's palace. After having sketched these, we returned that night to Naples.—Monday 30th. The same evening received Betty's letter, informing me of Bet's interview with the King.

Having taken leave of all the English at Naples, I set out from thence Wednesday the 8th by a vetturina; and returning again by the coast road, arrived at Rome on Monday the 13th, without anything remarkable having happened by the way.—On Monday the 20th I began to reduce my schemes for a Parliament-house into form; and with close attention made out a general plan, elevation, and section, by the 20th of January, 1762.

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[Having brought down our Architect's Journal thus far, we shall here take leave of him, as the few remaining pages consist of little more than mere unconnected memoranda. The only thing of any importance we gather from them is that he ultimately abandoned his project of visiting the Levant, the vessel sent out by his brother William to carry him on his "Grecian trip" having been taken by the Spaniards, and detained in the port of Algiers. During the remainder of his stay in Italy he employed his time in visiting places which he only mentions by name, and in making drawings; until he commenced his route homeward in May 1763, returning by Florence, Bologna, and Parma, at which latter place his journal terminates.]

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#### MEMOIR OF THE LATE GEORGE HENRY HARLOW.

If it were in any case excusable for us shortsighted mortals to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, it would assuredly be when we have to lament the loss of talents of the highest promise snatched from us by an early and unexpected fate. The more philosophic mind, however, would rather dwell on the consideration of the equality of benefits bestowed upon all; and observe in the lot of genius, how much of that fame may be secured by some, with apparently little exertion, in the course of a few years, which with others it takes the labour of a long and protracted life to obtain. Titian attained an age far beyond the usual period allotted to man: but though he has left a name unrivalled, for all that genius or industry or fine perception of art, or good fortune

in the just appreciation of his cotemporaries could procure, even his fame is thrown into shade by the halo cast around the memory of Raffaele, who attained scarcely one third of his age. In our days, Harlow, unfortunately for his fame, was born in an age and a country where an artist must instruct the people to admire his works, without finding among them any considerable readiness of ability to appreciate them. They do not come to the consideration of works of art with that intuitive perception of merit, that innate tact and feeling, which characterize the inhabitants of other countries, and which are too valuable to be in the power of Academies or Governments to bestow. In addition to this drawback, he had to labour under other disadvantages peculiar to his own condition. He had the misfortune to come into the world a posthumous child; his father, who had long been a resident in China engaged in commercial pursuits, having died a few months previous to his birth in London, the 10th of June 1787. His mother was thus left a widow with six infant children; and the other five being daughters, the subject of this memoir was brought up with all that feeling so natural for a mother to bear for an only son, born under such circumstances. Not that she seems to have spoiled him with foolish indulgence; but it is impossible to prevent a child perceiving his power over a mother's affections, and the absence of a father's sterner direction. When but a mere child Harlow began to give proofs of his extraordinary aptitude for art; and as he advanced in years the predilection manifested itself so strongly and unequivocally, that his mother was induced, though at first much against her inclination, to consent to his pursuing the arts as a profession. He was accordingly placed pupil, for a short time, with M. De Cort; afterwards for a year with Mr. Drummond, A.R.A.; and finally with the late President of the Royal Academy, Sir T. Lawrence; to whom, had Harlow lived, he would undoubtedly have proved a very formidable rival.

Without descending to notice such anecdotes of Harlow as have been recorded with so much gusto by the biographer of Nollekens, we will here confine our observations to personal interviews with him, and such reports as we feel assured are consistent with probability and truth. Harlow was a fashionable and genteel young man. On leaving Mr. Lawrence, his existence depended on his own ability and industry; both of which he was endowed with in an eminent degree. He painted portraits at a low price, and they chiefly consisted of theatrical personages, Mr. Young, Miss Duncan, Elliston, and others. Besides these, his company was much sought by others, who also took advantage of his easy disposition and carelessness of money matters, to obtain



from him all the productions of those hours which should have been devoted to the profitable exercise of his profession; and the end of this was, that he incurred debts, and, as Mr. Smith says, "had many tailors' bills to discharge, without an income sufficient to discharge one." But the fact is, it was not his just debts which could not be paid, but his objection to pay for unjust claims, which involved him in *law-suits*—the most expensive of all suits. In one of his letters to his sister he complains much of the conduct of a certain attorney, who had, without his sanction or knowledge, defended an action brought against him, and so run up an enormous bill in addition to the damages! In the course of the year he says he had paid 500*l.* for law charges! Such was the advantage taken of his youth and ignorance of the world, and of the great rewards which were already pouring in upon his labours. That one who commenced housekeeping and the practice of his profession at sixteen should have been unable to compete with even every-day villainy, can be no matter of surprise; nor need the results be brought against his memory with such triumph, especially as it is impossible even for scandal to cast a reflection of a darker shade on his character.

"Harlow," says Smith, "received repeated kindnesses from Mr. Lawrence, for which the latter was ill requited." This is not just. It is well known that Mr. Lawrence was paid a certain sum per year for the time Harlow copied his pictures under the name of *pupil*; beyond that, no kindnesses passed more than common civilities, and eventually mortal offence was given to Lawrence by Harlow, when he painted a picture of Queen Charlotte for an inn at Epsom, and put on it the name of *Lawrence*, instead of his own. Harlow here portrayed Her Majesty in a full front view on one side of the sign, and the back of Her Majesty on the other.

A short time previous to Harlow's painting his great picture of the 'Kemble Family,' he had begun a series of portraits of men of talent, not one of which he could be induced to part with; but, like a man of spirit and liberal feeling, prided himself on achieving and handing down to posterity the resemblances of characters so honourable to the country. Smith has alluded to these highly finished specimens of art, in observing, "Harlow was unquestionably an artist of very high talent; but owing to some circumstances he did not make his way into the Royal Academy; though he, like all other Waltonites, attempted to *tickle the trout*, by painting portraits of some of its members." Though this remark may apply to some, Harlow was certainly no angler in the way above described; and if he did not make his way into the Academy, that circumstance certainly cannot be adduced against his character, profes-

sional or private; and he was unfortunately one who seemed marked out for envy and detraction. When Northcote sat for the first picture by Harlow, one of the Academicians said to the former, "How came you to condescend to sit to him?" "Because," replied Northcote, "I would honour the Devil with sittings, if I were conscious he would paint me better than another." Perhaps no better answer could have been given by any of those gentlemen who sat to Harlow for their portraits: and to speak of the series with truth, too much praise cannot be bestowed on them. Those of Mr. West, Fuseli, Stothard, Northcote, and Sir W. Beechey, have not been equalled by any artist of this country. Two of Nollekens and Mr. Bone were never finished further than the heads. The first portrait which Harlow painted of Northcote, was purchased by Sir John Swinburne under the following circumstances:—Sir John having a desire to possess the picture, was refused, unless Mr. Northcote would sit for another of the same size; and Harlow feeling bashful in putting the question, begged of the writer of this memoir to do it; and Northcote consented to sit for the second picture, which is now in the collection of the Marchioness of Exeter. Harlow thought highly of Northcote's historical subjects, and pictures of animals; but not of his portraits, and less of those of ladies. This, Northcote was aware of, and refused a favour, in consequence, to Harlow, which the latter wanted as a present,—that of a copy from a lion which Northcote introduced into his picture of 'Daniel in the Den of Lions.' It was refused, as Harlow had committed himself in giving preference to the head of a brute to that of a female, which Northcote wished to be thought he had equal skill in painting. A copy of the lion was exhibited at the British Institution in the spring of this year, as 'A Lion at rest.'

After Northcote sat for the last portrait, Harlow was at a loss what to introduce in the back-ground, and thought of copying some favourite subject from the pencil of Northcote. Fuseli had proposed the *hour-glass* to be placed on one side, with other articles emblematical of Northcote's character; but Harlow, in an endeavour to please the latter, thought proper to submit the subject to him, and the writer again was made the messenger. Northcote received the message as a compliment, until the suggestion of Fuseli was mentioned, when he bridled up, and tapping his snuff-box as he sat looking at the fire, cross-legged, with an evident emotion in his mind, and after a short silence said, "I believe you don't know Fuseli?" "No, sir." He looked ludicrously enraged, and desired Mr. Harlow to be informed, that "if he introduced the *hour-glass*, also to put the *death's-head* and *cross-bones*, as those would be as consistent with his personal appearance." Har-

low on hearing the above was struck with wonder, and blushed at the thought of not comprehending the meaning of Fuseli, and not till then did he mention what Fuseli had first observed on seeing the portrait, "My goot friend, you have given us a bag of bones." Harlow enjoyed the joke by laughing aloud; and that he might not offend a friend in any way, introduced in the picture a plain curtain.

Among the other portraits painted by him, were those of Mr. Matthews, in characters, all in one picture, and the three-quarter portraits of Mrs. Litchfield, Mr. Conway, Mr. Sinclair, and Miss Stephens, which were full of spirit, and admirable in colour and resemblance. They are all engraved, several of them by Mr. Clint, A.R.A., and had a great sale.

The subject of 'The Proposal' added considerably to his credit. It was engraved, and no print of the day had so quick and extensive a sale. The original was purchased by Sir John Leicester, and is now at Tabley Hall, with the companion picture, 'The Congratulation'.

Harlow had foibles,—and where is there a man without them? Among these was an attention to personal appearance, the too common fault of youth, which, however, does not need any vindication. It was a fault only rendered conspicuous from the eminence he attained; and such as it was, formed the only ground for those envious of his success to build up circumstances disparaging to his character. He was irritable in temper, but forgiving; honest, if poor; and would rather pay his debts if he had money, than keep it in his possession:—all this we know of our certain knowledge, as his feelings were expressed respecting his affairs just before he went to Italy, and his first wish was to free himself of all debts. This he would soon have been able to accomplish, as he was getting forty guineas for every three-quarter portrait, and had as much as he could do. He complained greatly of the impositions of tradespeople, and of some he had looked upon as friends. He spoke of his design to paint History, and was at the time using paint like mortar, in an effort to produce a good effect in making a picture resemble in substance, bas-relief. This was 'Christ and the sick Woman', a picture which at one time had an arch behind the figure of Christ, and gave a surprising effect;—this was altered to please a foreigner, and the subject was spoiled. After the death of Harlow, Mr. Tomkisson bought the picture, and the heads were divided and made into various sizes for framing\*. Mr. West, Mr. Tomkisson, and Fuseli, may justly be considered to have been Harlow's real friends,—he spoke of them as such; and when men of character like these feel interested for the prosperity

\* Soon after Harlow had begun the last picture, he met with a Jew in the street, who had a fine head, and who agreed to sit for his portrait. The Jew

of one worthy of their kindnesses, they cast into insignificance all that may be said against him by others of a different character.

Harlow's picture of the 'Kemble Family' had most of the principal heads finished before the writer saw it. A back view of Mr. John Kemble was towards the spectator, and objections having been made to that position, a friend was requested by the painter to sit in the dress of Wolsey, as it now appears; but as Harlow seldom represented nature except as chance threw it in his way, so was that given; for as the model was seated and put himself in that attitude, he instantly exclaimed, "Pray do not move;" and so he sat from 9 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon, when he was desired to rise, but was so benumbed that several minutes elapsed before he could do so. He sat the same time the next day; and as nature wanted a degree of support, Harlow took a fork and fed him at intervals with bread-and-butter and oysters. In these two sittings the whole of that figure was perfected.—We are thus particular in order to show the importance of good sitting, as by it Harlow was enabled to accomplish what may have struck every one with surprise, the more especially when the lace-apron might be supposed to have taken more time.

Harlow had a desire to do more to that figure, and his model was equipped and mounted on the throne, when on hearing a knock at the door, he was instantly dethroned and obliged to leave the room. Kemble was expected to see the picture; and Harlow with peculiar knowledge of character observed, had the *Cardinal* seen a person with his dress on, he would never have put it on himself again!

While the picture was in hand, Mr. Mathews entered to see it, and admired it so much as to say, "I must be in it, Harlow; you must hand me down to posterity." Harlow smiled, but gave no consent, nor was it done.

Harlow, after his friend had rendered him these services, said, "Now, as I have scattered your body and limbs over the picture, I'll have your

went to Harlow at the time appointed; and upon the painter saying to him, "I am going to put your head here," (pointing to a place in that Scriptural subject); the Jew immediately answered, "No, I pe tamd if you do, not vid Christ, not for te world;" and instantly walked away, declaring he could make no "*parking for no such ting*." The painter determined not to be outdone by another Israelite whom he soon found, and took the precaution to paint his head upon a three-quarter canvas, and then copied it into the large picture. In the original head the painter showed perhaps as much dexterity and skill as ever appeared from the hand of a painter, for in the space of two hours the work was perfected. The head cost Mr. Welsh, the present possessor of it, forty guineas.

head." He accordingly painted him as a *Beef-eater*\* behind the mitre of Mr. Blanchard, he having before stood for the figures of Mr. Conway and Young, and the page dressed in blue.

This picture undoubtedly combines more beauty and interest than any other theatrical subject ever given by the pencil of an Englishman. It has, notwithstanding, some faults; but those observable only to persons skilled in art, and to be found chiefly in those identical figures for which his model stood, *Conway* and *Young*, as being out of place and too large in proportion to the heads. But viewing the whole design, as to colour, expression, and resemblances to the persons portrayed, there is no picture we are acquainted with to vie with it. Objections have been made to the upper part of Mrs. Siddons being too small; there is here also room for improvement, but in the face there is none,—it tells the troubled mind of injured Majesty without the help of the poet. Her complexion shows that the warmth of the heart is not easily appeased; and her action is dignified and commanding, the effect of which is powerfully felt by the wily Wolsey, who by his deportment and countenance seems to feel the force of her accusation without any theatrical extravagance. The two faces are expressive of anger, yet so different that every admirer and painter of character must view them with the greatest delight. As it may be as well to know in what manner the artist has conveyed anger in those faces, and where the difference lies, we should say it is *entirely in the eye-brows*. Those of Mr. Kemble are more compressed and nearer to the eyes, which gives that lion look of anger more than astonishment. Mrs. Siddons's are more elevated in front; and this difference expresses more trouble, and constitutes the essence of skill in art.

In the face of Mr. Charles Kemble we see merely *surprise*. The repose of his right hand holding the pen, is finely expressed. Above him is the King, seated, with a countenance of discontent; his position and manner are easy. Mr. Knyvett as Cardinal Campeius is a masterly effort of astonishment; the action of the hands cannot be better expressed. This is exceedingly well balanced by the portrait of Mr. Blanchard, whose situation in the group compels him to strive for a sight of the Queen; whilst one of the officers of the court is handing a paper to Cromwell, whose attention is upon Mrs. Siddons and heeds it not. The head of Mr. Park has no particular expression beyond what might be expected from a spectator careless of the event of the trial: it is a

\* This mention of a particular portrait being in the picture, may here be excused after it has been omitted in the *key* to the engraving from the original, which was done *intentionally* by the publisher.

striking contrast to the meagre old visage of Blanchard; and their bright colours are brought out by the rich yet sombre tint of the back-ground. The portrait of Mr. Young is finely penciled, and reminds one of Vandyke; while in the opposite side of the picture is the head of a Jew, in the style of Rembrandt; and the portrait of Harlow himself like the reflection in a mirror. These faces, with others of Mr. Cramer, Knyvett, Reynolds, and Harris, have the expression of attention, like others of Mr. Andrews, Mr. Conway, and Miss Stephens, in which last the artist has eminently succeeded in depicting the sweetness of expression of the countenance, and is perhaps the best likeness in the picture. The portrait of a female on the right of Miss Stephens, was the daughter of the landlord of the house in which the picture was painted; and she sat for that beautiful face of the page in front of the table, on which is placed the Book of Prayer and the Mace. Two pages are in attendance on Wolsey, and two crosses apparently of gold complete the picture, the value of which is estimated by its present owner, Mr. Welsh, at 2000*l*.\* Time has wrought no change in it for the worse.

The unbounded applause bestowed on this picture by all visitors made Harlow so enthusiastically partial to painting of History, that he thought of giving his whole attention to it; and he talked of several designs from Shakspeare, and of beginning with the death of Cardinal Beaufort. After the exhibition of the picture of the 'Kemble Family', he went to Italy in June 1818, where he received the most flattering reception from Canova and other eminent artists, and was elected a member of the Academy of Florence and also of St. Luke's, of both which distinctions he was justly very proud. At the latter Academy his copy of the 'Transfiguration', which he completed in eighteen days, was exhibited, and received great approbation; as also did several other copies he had made, and pictures he had painted while at Rome.

On the 13th of January, 1819, he returned to England, with a mind no doubt much improved by his laborious perusal of the works of the great masters of Italy. To those of his friends whom he saw on his return, he expressed his continued desire to paint historical subjects, when a slight cold he had caught settled into an affection of the glands,

\* Mr. Welsh originally commissioned Harlow for a Head of Mrs. Siddons; but the idea of painting a family picture came into his mind: and he, with characteristic regard to his professional success, proposed to finish it as at present for the price originally proposed; though this offer was met with corresponding generosity on the part of the purchaser, who considerably added to the price, notwithstanding the alteration was not according to his stipulation and views, however much it was to his wish and advantage.

and without any of his friends or himself being aware of the danger, ulceration and mortification commenced, and death became inevitable. This fatal event took place on the 4th of February, and he was buried in the vault of St. James's church the week following, having left several pictures unfinished, which Sir W. Beechey undertook, from regard to his memory, to complete.

Besides the pictures above mentioned, he painted several others, of which 'Hubert and Prince Arthur' and 'Bolingbroke's Entry into London' should be named. The first picture he exhibited was the quarrel between Elizabeth and her favourite Essex, which afterwards came into the possession of his only surviving sister, Mrs. White, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of his Portrait. The first portrait he exhibited at Somerset House was that of his mother, who died in 1809, in which filial affection succeeded in aiding the efforts of the artist.

Harlow's style partook considerably of that with which we have been rendered so familiar in the works of Sir T. Lawrence; but his execution was firmer, and freer from that meretriciousness which deteriorated from the late President's excellence. Had Harlow lived and maintained the promise of his early works, he would have carried, as indeed he already did sufficiently for his fame, the same excellence into historical painting, and raised the character of the English school to a height we have not since seen attained. His labour and devotion to art equalled his extraordinary aptitude and perception for it; his pencil was always ready to note down every idea that occurred and every sketch that presented itself; and those who looked only at the surface, and judged of him by the apparent facility of execution, were little aware of the mental labour he bestowed upon his works. In this respect his example was one much to be pointed out for imitation, and the student should be convinced by what means it was that Harlow left such works and such a reputation at the age of thirty-two.

In person Harlow was slight-made, and of a youthful and prepossessing appearance. His manners were somewhat boyish, and tales are told of his attention to dress (often much exaggerated), with other anecdotes of his ignorance or of inattention to wordly prudence, which, if it were our object merely to cater to a vitiated taste, it would be amusing enough to repeat. But we consider it the duty of biography more carefully to record the virtues and talents of those who have made themselves eminent in their day; and where there are merely foibles and not faults in private life, it would degrade the living more than the dead to descend into such unworthy particulars.



AN ESSAY TOWARDS ESTABLISHING THE PRINCIPLES OF  
REAL BEAUTY.

[Concluded from p. 45.]

IN the former part of this Essay I endeavoured by various arguments to prove, that there are certain qualities existing in nature which invariably create pleasing and agreeable sensations in the minds of men. I further endeavoured to show, that the sensations or ideas produced by these qualities are the same, whether excited in the mind of an African or of an European, of a barbarian or of a civilized man. And from thence I took occasion to infer, that those objects in nature which possess the quality of always producing agreeable emotions, must also, for that very reason, possess some one or more of the principles of real beauty. This train of reasoning I brought to a conclusion by naming several objects and scenes in nature (which possess the before-mentioned quality), as examples of the truly beautiful.

I proceed now to observe, that in all beautiful objects, however different may be their nature or outward appearance, the *principles* of beauty are the same. Thus, I think it will be found on examination that the beauty of a human figure and the beauty of a landscape are referable to the same origin or cause. The truth of this position I hope to be able to prove satisfactorily by the following argument.

The human figure is itself one object of sight: the landscape is a combination of many objects. The figure, and the objects composing the landscape are alike material bodies, and material bodies can but possess certain primary and secondary qualities, of which bulk or extension, form, texture, colour, light, and shadow, are all with which the present inquiry has to do. Now since these are qualities appertaining to all visible bodies, being such as no visible body can exist without,—it follows as a necessary consequence, that all ideas received into the mind are excited by some one or other of these qualities. And therefore from this we arrive at the conclusion, that all our perceptions of beauty arising from those ideas must likewise be reducible to the same qualities as their original cause.

Beauty is one, and therefore the cause of it is one; for the same effect cannot be produced by two causes which are primarily opposed to each other. When I say beauty is one, I would not be understood as meaning that there not varieties in beauty; but as if I were to say, speaking of form, that though there are endless varieties, yet all are comprehensible in the word *form*. From this I think it is made sufficiently apparent, that the causes of beauty are the same in every object in nature.

I proceed next to the examination of Beauty itself. And this examination will be more clearly and easily understood, if only one example of beauty be taken for analysis. For since (as was before observed) the principles of beauty are the same in all objects, a thorough examination of one beautiful object will serve as an illustration to all.

The human countenance\* in its perfection is capable of exciting higher emotions of beauty than anything else whatever in nature; and therefore it is more proper than any other to be chosen as an illustrative example.

Notwithstanding the extreme beauty of the human countenance, yet its real qualities are the same as those of the most deformed object in creation. They both alike are possessed of the qualities of extension, form, texture, colour, light, and shadow: and by these qualities alone it is that the mind becomes conscious of them through the organ of sight. Now from this, two things are rendered evident: first, that beauty itself is not a quality really existing in any material body whatever; and second, that the *same* qualities in objects are capable of producing sensations both of beauty and of deformity.

That beauty itself is not a quality really existing in material bodies, may be proved in several ways. For if it were, it would always produce in our minds as clear an idea as any other of the qualities of bodies do. But this, it must be evident to every one, is not the fact. All men on beholding an object are conscious that it has form, colour, light, and shadow, and every other quality perceptible to the sight; but they are not all equally agreed that it has beauty. The reason of this difference is, that the former are qualities really appertaining to the nature

\* On the note respecting the best colour for the human countenance, which the Editor appended to the former part of this paper, I may perhaps here be allowed to make a single observation. I was not aware that such an opinion as that expressed by Waddington had ever been entertained by any man: and if the Editor had given Waddington's *reasons* for preferring black to any other colour, I should have been still more obliged to him. Without knowing them, I may perhaps be excused for adding one other reason, to those which have been given before, in defence of the views I have adopted upon this subject.

The greatest beauty of the human countenance undoubtedly arises from *expression*; and whatever tends to diminish that, must be acknowledged a defect. Now it appears to me, that whatever advantages a black countenance may have over a white one in other respects, in the expression of the tender passions and feelings it is much inferior. The former is of a much more unvarying tone than the latter; and every one must know from experience how much the changes in colour, the blush of modesty and bashfulness, and the paleness of fear and anger, contribute to the expression of those feelings and passions.

of bodies, and therefore cannot be mistaken ; but the latter is not, and therefore remains doubtful. Again ; on first beholding an object, a man may have a very vivid perception of beauty ; but as he becomes accustomed to that object, his perception of its beauty will at length be almost lost. If beauty were a quality really in the object, this change could not take place ; inasmuch as, though his perception of beauty vanishes, his ideas of its real qualities of form, colour, &c., are as distinct when he looks upon the object after an acquaintance of fifty years, as they were at first.

That the same qualities in objects have the power of producing sensations both of beauty and of deformity, is evident from the fact, that the form, colour, &c. of one object shall disgust us, whilst the form, colour, &c. of another object shall excite our highest admiration.

In a thoroughly deformed object, every one of its real qualities contributes to its deformity.

In a perfect human countenance, each one of the same qualities adds something to its beauty. Now if we could find out exactly the cause of this difference, we should be nigh upon having beauty effectually and clearly developed. But this I am afraid is impossible. All which can be discovered appears to be this : that though the qualities of all bodies are alike, yet the state of those qualities may be different ; and when this state is such as to produce a sort of harmony or agreement between the nature of the mind and the qualities of objects,—then it is that we have perceptions of beauty. This harmony between the mind and external objects, I consider to be the result of a principle of unity pervading all creation ; but to comprehend or to explain which, no human understanding is adequate.

Summing up the amount of the foregoing opinions, I should come to this conclusion, formally defining beauty to be, Not a quality really existing in any object whatever, but only a certain sensation of harmony and agreement between the nature of the mind itself, and the ideas which are excited in it by sensible objects.

Thus far may we go, but no further. Here I think even speculation must stop : for all beyond is a mystery too deep to be penetrated by human understanding. What cannot be explained, we must rest content to wonder at and to admire.

I have finished :—but not without a deep consciousness of the inadequacy of all which has been advanced, to fix upon a firm and good foundation one of the most volatile principles of which we have any conception. Words are vain and ineffective when used to express our perceptions of beauty. The soul is filled with its influence ; but reason

cannot define effectually by what means that influence is obtained. We no sooner think we have secured it, than, like Hamlet's Ghost, visible though not tangible, it is gone. We see it all around us, clutch everywhere, but cannot lay hold on it. Beauty is a thing to be felt, but not to be told.

To the Editor and the reader I have to apologize for detaining them so long upon the discussion of an abstruse point, from which I am afraid but little *practical* knowledge is derivable. But yet if even in theory we have arrived any nearer the truth, my endeavours perhaps will not prove altogether unavailing.

A STUDENT.

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#### ANCIENT ENGLISH ARCHITECTS\*.

[Continued from p. 210.]

HAVING dismissed all the particulars we have been able to gain of the greatest architect of the period in which he lived, our memoranda furnish but meagre intelligence respecting the following professional characters; but, vague and slight as is the information respecting them, they are links in the chain of our history, which may not be broken. For however entertaining and popular may be the style in which the lives of artists are written, if many names are omitted of which we seek information, such a work, however entertaining it may be to the general reader, cannot be considered valuable by those who seek for information as well as amusement.

WALTER SKIRLAW, Bishop of Durham, who died in 1406, built the chapter-house and great tower of the collegiate church of Great Howden, Yorkshire; he was also one of the chief contributors to the central tower of York Minster, and erected a chantry chapel in that cathedral, and a chapel at the village of Swine, Yorkshire, of which place he was a native†. (See Surtees's History of Durham; and Britton's Architectural Antiquities, vol. iv. p. 128.)

THOMAS CHILLENDEEN, a learned and ingenious monk and Prior of Canterbury, who died in 1411, has a certain claim to the title of archi-

\* For "Sewel", introduced at p. 207, line 19, of last Number, read "Yevele".

† It is in the village of Skirlaugh near Beverley, and is well deserving of the architect's notice. The prelate's arms surmount every window, and he seems to have taxed his abilities to erect a perfect gem of Gothic architecture.—EDITOR.

tect, as it is well known that the nave, cloisters, and chapter-house of his cathedral,—at least a part of the chapter-house,—are attributed to his skill and piety. He presided as prior over the establishment from 1391 till his death, and was aided in his labours at the cathedral by Archbishops Courtney and Arundel.

WALTER FROWCESTER, Abbot of Gloucester, who died in 1412, built the great cloisters of his monastery about 1400. (See Britton's *Cathedrals*.)

EUSTACE MASCALL or MARSHALL, who died in 1567, was clerk of the works to Cardinal Wolsey at the building of Christ Church Oxford, and chief clerk of accounts for all the buildings of King Henry VIII. within twenty miles of London;—yet Mr. Dallaway questions whether this is sufficient proof that Mascall was an architect.

THOMAS RODEBURN, Chancellor of Oxford 1420, and made Bishop of St. David's 1421, built or designed the chapel of Merton College Oxford (see Chalmer's *History of the University*, vol. i. p. 9.), and also the tower and gate of Merton College. Rodeburn was one of the ablest mathematicians of the time in which he lived. It is thought by some that he is supposed not to have built the tower of the chapel of Merton, but only to have contributed the external panelling and pinnacles of this part of the building, which bears its full proportion to the magnificence which Oxford displays when viewed from a distance.

ROGER KEYS, warden of All Souls College Oxford in 1422, was employed as an architect by the founder of this college, Archbishop Chichele.

WILLIAM DE CROYLAND, master of the works at Croyland Abbey from 1417 to 1427. He is said by some author to have built the nave and aisles of the church of Croyland. (See Gough's *Croyland*.)

ALNWYKE or ALNWYCK, Bishop of Norwich in 1427, is said to have executed several architectural works.

WALTER NEWBURY, 1428, was probably the architect of the tower of Bristol Cathedral. (See Britton's *History of that Church*; also article 'Ashfield'.)

ROWERBY or ROWSBY, 1431. This monk was engaged in some repairs in the church of St. Mary Stamford. (See Peek's *Antiquities and Annals of Stamford*, lib. 14. cap. 5.)

CLOSE or CLOOS has been selected by some authors as having the great honour of being the architect of Magdalen College Oxford. This building has not only been attributed to this Fleming, but to his son NICHOLAS, who was one of the original fellows, and promoted by the royal favour to the sees of Carlisle and Lichfield and Coventry. But

as the son died in 1453, it is not possible, says the accurate Dallaway, that he had any share in the amended plan which was adopted by King Henry VII. Great as the merit is which is due (says Mr. Dallaway in his *English Architecture*,) to the unknown designer, the execution deserves a still higher degree of praise; and the names of JOHN WOOLRICH, HENRY SEVERICK, and JOHN WASTELL, may be handed down to posterity as the most skilful master-masons of their age and nation. (See a copy of the indenture of these masons at p. 184 of Dallaway's *English Architecture*; see also 'ORCHARD', to whom the building of Magdalen College has also been given.) Mr. Dallaway, in his edition of Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. i. p. 177, note, says, that the name of the original architect is preserved by Hearne, who in his preface to his *History of Glastonbury*, p. lxx., says, "All that see King's College chapel Cambridge, are struck with admiration, and most are mighty desirous of knowing the architect's name; yet few can tell it." It appears, however, from their books at King's College, (as I am informed by my friend Mr. Baker, the learned antiquary of Cambridge,) that one Mr. Cloos, father of Nicholas Cloos, one of the first fellows of that college, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, was the architect of that chapel (though Godwin says the Bishop himself was master of the King's works here); and, as far as King Henry VI. share reacheth, contriver or designer of the whole, afterwards finished by Henry VII., and beautified by Henry VIII. Mr. Dallaway also says, that in a MS. account of all the members &c. of King's College, Bishop Nicholas Cloos is mentioned as a person in whose capacity King Henry VI. (who had appointed him fellow in 1443) had such confidence, that he made him overseer and manager of all his intended buildings and designs for that college, of which JOHN CANTERBURY, a native of Tewkesbury and fellow of the college in 1451, was clerk of the works.

WILLIAM HORWOOD. This freemason was the architect of Fotheringay Castle in 1434; he entered into a contract with Richard Duke of York for the erection of the collegiate chapel of Fotheringay.

WILLIAM ST. CLAIR OF SINCLAIR, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Holdenburg, and Earl of Caithness, erected the celebrated chapel of Roslin Castle A.D. 1446. Whether he himself was an architect does not appear; but the account of the manner in which he set about the building throws much light on the history of the architecture of that period. Grose says, "tradition relates that the design for this chapel was drawn at Rome (see p. 62 of this article); and in order that it might be properly executed, the founder caused dwellings to be made near it for the workmen, the ancient village being half a mile distant. Here he gave to them harvest lands in

proportion to their abilities, with 10*l.* a-year to each mason, and 40*l.* to the master-mason, also proportionable rewards to the other artificers. By these bounties he attracted all the best workmen in this and the neighbouring kingdom. The founder dying about the year 1484, before the building was finished, it was carried on and completed by Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin, his eldest son of the second marriage, whose lady was Lady Margaret Sutherland, descended from the blood royal, her great-grandmother Jane being the younger daughter of King Robert Bruce. The following tale is related respecting this part of the building.—The master-mason of this chapel meeting with some difficulties in the execution of the design, found it necessary to go to Rome for information; during which time his apprentice carried on the work, and even executed some parts concerning which his master had been most doubtful, particularly a fine fluted column or pillar near the high altar, ornamented with wreaths of foliage and flowers in alto-relievo twisting spirally round it. The master on his return, stung with envy at this proof of the superior abilities of his apprentice, slew him by a blow on his head with a mason's hammer. In support of this story, the *cicerone* of the place shows not only the column called the Apprentice's Pillar, but several other heads supporting brackets in the wall, said to be the heads of the parties; one is called the Master's, one the Apprentice's (whose wound is marked with red ochre); and the head of a weeping woman is said to represent that of his mother. Most certain," continues Grose, "this is all fiction." But we think not probably all fiction; although the head pointed out as that of the apprentice is represented with a beard, or as a "bearded old man". It is true that similar stories are told of different buildings, and in particular of the famous rose window of Rouen in Normandy, said to have been built by an apprentice, whose master revenged himself in a manner similar to that related above. But the legend goes a little further than that of Roslin; for it adds, that being condemned to death for that cruel action, no workman could be found capable of completing his work; wherefore he was pardoned by the Pope, and having finished the building became a monk in some severe order. A description of this unique building and its singular florid decorations does not come within the scope of this work; for this we refer our readers to Britton's ample detail.

JOHN ARDERNE, 1450, clerk of the works at the building of the monument of King Henry V. in Westminster Abbey. (See Brayley's History of Westminster Abbey, vol. ii. p. 86.)

JOHN ESSEX, 1450, was an artist employed on the Beauchamp monument, Warwick, about the middle of the 15th century, and placed by



Britton among his list of ancient architects. But Gough, in his account of the Beauchamp monument, does not mention anything to give him the slightest claim to the profession of architect. He is there called "marbler, and covenants to place plates or latten on the monument of the king."

[To be continued.]

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### DOGMAS ON ART:—No. VIII.

#### ON INVENTION AND EXPRESSION.

IN approaching the consideration of those exalted qualities of the arts of design, Invention and Expression,—the mind pauses for a moment, to contemplate the wide range of thought which is required to compass the subject, and the sublime height to which the intellect might soar in surveying it. It would require the aid of imagination to adorn the matter of a discourse on this subject with those illustrations of which it is susceptible; and even in discussing it as a question of practical utility, its ethereal character requires the most delicate perceptions and the closest and clearest reasoning. All that we can hope to do, therefore, is to string together a few observations that occur to us, by way of opening up this most important and difficult topic, which it is hoped may be treated of by some abler writer.

In considering it, the capabilities and the limits of the arts of design require to be borne in mind; otherwise, in doing justice to the subject, the art and artists will have injustice meted out to them in proportion as the powers of the art are overrated. Human imperfections require already a due allowance; but if neither they nor the imperfections incidental to the limited scope of Art are taken into account, the productions of man,—wonderful and beautiful as they are in spite of the drawbacks of human infirmity,—become sunk so far below the lofty height of the objects they imitate, that the greatest works of art are to the scenes they profess to represent, as a painted angel to the radiant glories of a spirit of light.

Invention is the imagination of the artist; whether it take the butterfly flight of fancy, or soar with eagle wing to the zenith, or pursue a ground flight of circumstance. Invention includes expression: but as expression is so distinct and essential a part thereof, we propose to consider it separately; first taking the more general view of the subject.

Invention in Art is that faculty of the mind by which the artist brings before his mental perceptions a particular scene, and the characters, incidents, and accessories, in a pictorial form. By the exercise of this power he embodies the conceptions of the poet, the descriptions of the historian or narrator, and the creations of the dramatist, in a manner best suited to the capabilities of painting or sculpture. The more clear the understanding, the more vivid the imagination, the more refined the taste, the more exalted the feeling,—the more grand, powerful and true, will be the imaginary picture. A lively imagination will not only view the subject in various lights and in different points of view as regards one particular conception of it, but will conceive it in various ways, and by the exercise of the judgment determine in which mode to treat it. Thus, suppose a painter should sit down to design a picture of Belshazzar's impious feast and the hand-writing on the wall, he would first consider generally in which way to treat it,—whether to view it as a scene of splendour and alarm, dependent for its effect on the feeling of admiration, to be accomplished by dazzling the eye and imposing upon the senses by a display of gorgeous magnificence, stupendous architectural perspective, and a supernatural effect of light and shade,—as in the case of Mr. Martin's famous picture; or to appeal to the human heart by an expression of terror on the part of the pampered king and his concubines,—as Rembrandt has done after his fashion. The former is a physical, the latter a moral appeal to the mind. The first is the sublime of vastness and grandeur; the last, of feeling and reflection. The force of the one depends upon accessories; that of the other, upon the expression. In one view it is a grand exhibition; in the other, an awful lesson.

Let us take up the subject upon the point of its human interest as well as its divine terrors. We fancy Belshazzar absorbed in amazement and alarm, his heart failing him through fear, and so suddenly interrupted in his wicked festivities, that his whole being is subdued to the quality of his terror; he is utterly unconscious of the grandeur with which he is surrounded, of his power, and even of his kingly dignity. He gazes in a stupor of amazement and horror on the man's hand, as it traces the mystic characters of the terrible sentence, whose meaning he can only interpret by means of his apprehensions. Of the company,—some would be looking at him, others gazing inquiringly on each other; one of his concubines might be alarmed for him, and her affection, which should absorb her fears, be shown in her looks. The wise men would scrutinize the hand-writing, and the attendants be flying, from a vague apprehension of impending danger. The splen-

dours of the banquet and the costumes would mock the pride which the moment before they had ministered to ; and they would powerfully assist as accessories in developing the main passion of the incident. A truly bold painter would omit the hand if not the writing, for he would feel that any representation of a supernatural event must diminish its force ; and that in the expression of the characters consisted the dramatic effect of the passion, and the moral impression of his picture.— This much constitutes the inventive part of the picture : the grouping and arrangement of the composition, figures, costumes, and other details belong to the mere art of painting. Conception, the first and ethereal part of invention, is momentary and not gradual. The image rises to the "mind's eye" like a vision, more or less dim or defined according to the understanding and feeling of the subject and the activity of the imagination : but the imaginative faculty, however active, must have feeling to work with and knowledge to work upon, otherwise the product will be a mere chimæra, scarcely palpable to the mental perception, and when embodied, but as the disjointed ravings of a madman to the rational speech of a sane person.

It would be beyond our purpose to follow up the consideration of invention into the minute parts of a picture, or even into the lower range of subjects. We have endeavoured to convey a notion of our idea of the operation of the faculty, and to give an instance of the different ways in which a subject may be viewed and treated, with reference both to the peculiar powers of the artist and to the kind of effect to be produced on the spectator.

It is a fault common to many, and especially young artists, that they consider too nicely the grouping of figures, the arrangement of the composition, and other technical and mere mechanical parts of the picture ; in the same way that young writers take more pains in the arrangement of their sentences and the selection of words, than in the main bearings of the question, the course of their argument, and its illustrations. Both forget that a thorough mastery of the subject and a due consideration of the mode in which to treat it, are not only the essential point, but that, those duly mastered, the minor matters follow as a matter of course. In supporting or exemplifying a proposition, one is not at a loss for words ; and in composing a picture which is fixed on the brain as clearly as a scene on the retina of the eye, the different persons are almost insensibly grouped by the operation of "strong imagination" so that there should remain little to do but to correct the composition, and get the various parts of the picture into good drawing. But when an artist begins to sketch-in a design without any settled purpose, any

definite idea of what he is about to do, it is all a matter of chance whether he succeed in representing the event, or not. Too many, however, trust to accident in this respect; as the idle or feeble writer trusts to the flow of his ideas at the instant when he takes up his pen, to marshal themselves in some order, and put themselves under some leading principle. If they succeed, it is in spite, and not in consequence, of this want of forethought; and a case cannot exist where a previous understanding of the subject would not have been very greatly to the advantage of the work. Fancy and imagination without knowledge and understanding are like the luxuriant vine without a support; it trails on the earth, and all its wealth of fruitage is soiled and crushed: it may not perhaps be less prolific, but its abundance is only a waste of beauty—a harvest of ruin.

As regards Invention,—the impressiveness of a picture of any actual event is in proportion to its truth, simplicity and propriety, as those qualities tend to convey an impression of reality. A strong imagination is no less exercised in portraying the actual fact, than in diverging from it into the realm of fancy or impossibility. Vigour is not shown so much by excess, as by sufficiency,—by extravagance, as by propriety. Propriety may be a cold word, but truth is its core. The most admired and the most impressive pictures are those which look most simple and most like the scene portrayed. It was the highest compliment to Garrick's acting, that a simple mind thought nothing of it because it was what anybody would have done under such circumstances. Some one doubted the propriety of the attitude of Elymas the Sorcerer in the Cartoon of Raphael, and Garrick being asked to personify a man suddenly struck with blindness, threw himself into nearly the same attitude; a high compliment to both actor and painter, for it showed that both felt what they represented. This figure and the Ananias are two instances of the ideal in painting as regards invention and expression;—not the ideal of form, that is another matter. The Cartoons are sublime by reason of the truth and vigour of the expression and invention; the Sibyls, Prophets, and Apostles of Michael Angelo, are the product of invention. In this lay the force of his genius, as that of Raphael did in expression. Invention appeals to the mind, Expression to the heart; the one awakens the sympathies and enkindles the feelings, the other excites the admiration and gratifies the eye; the one awes, the other interests. To invention belongs the power of varying the faces in an historical picture, so that they shall neither appear all of one family, nor yet too ordinary in form or character;—while expression gives them a human interest, sways them with emotion, fills them with pas-

sion or intellectual beauty, and warms the cold creation of art with the Promethean fire of life. The exercise of the faculty of invention will of course be various in different minds. One will conceive an event with the literalness of a circumstance and the bareness of actual fact; another will embellish the scene with the adornments of fancy. The fearful interest which that *chef d'œuvre* of Titian's pencil, the St. Peter Martyr, inspires in the mind of the spectator, arises from the intense truth of the invention, which is carried into all the minutiae of the picture; so that it makes an impression like that of a real event the skilful introduction of natural effects appropriate to the act supplying the deficiency which is incidental to pictorial representation. We should say that the invention of Titian was the vividly literal and truthful; of Raphael, the elevated and ideal—the sublime of humanity; of Michael Angelo, the terrible, grand and ideal—the sublime of inspiration; of Paolo Veronese, the ornamental, processional, accessorial—the elevation of magnificence and grandeur; of Rembrandt, the sublime of matter-of-fact reality; of N. Poussin, the elegance of external form, &c. &c. These distinctions, however, are but barren generalities after all; and it is hardly safe or possible to define the character of an artist's invention apart from his powers of expression.—Having endeavoured to define the extent and meaning of the term 'invention,' and the share which 'expression' has in the exercise of that faculty, we will turn our thoughts to the subject of Expression, and then consider both these qualities in conjunction.

Expression is the soul of Art, without which it is inanimate and dead. Like Charity in human nature,—without it, the most refined skill, the most curious art, is nothing worth: expression is the essence of beauty, the interpreter of passion and feeling, the medium through which they address the eye in a picture. The beauty of face, like that of form, has only physical charms wanting the ethereal principle of sentiment—the inspiration of the soul. The violence of passion interferes with beauty only when it produces distortion; terror, horror, sorrow and despair, and all the strongest of painful emotions in which the mind takes a share, may veil the radiance of beauty in a mist of tears or with a blank look of abstraction, or a concentrated gaze of intense anxiety and alarm; but it only deforms it, as the thick clouds hide the sun, whose rays are felt and visible in their effects, though the glorious orb itself is not seen. The gentle emotions of affection, tenderness, pity, and momentary sadness of thought, serve to heighten beauty, as a transparent veil makes the charms that it only in part conceals seem more beautiful to the

mind, which supplies the deficiency of the sight by the power of imagination, so as to go beyond the reality.

The expression of a single face and of a whole picture is one and the same principle,—the picture presenting an aggregate whole, of which individual faces form separate parts. But the expression of a picture not only includes the look and meaning of the various faces, but the numerous accessories to the intention of the work, which serve to aid and develop the end and aim of the painter and the object of the painting, and embrace the most seemingly insignificant details of the composition, producing one grand result by the union and concentration of the different parts. The expression of each individual face ought to interest the spectator only so as it serves to illustrate the event which forms the subject of the picture; otherwise, however beautiful in itself, it only serves to detract from the interest of the picture by drawing the attention away from the subject. But if an individual face even of a subordinate person possess a beauty and expression derived from or consistent with, and tending to heighten, the main interest of the picture, it assists in the same degree its effect upon the mind and feelings, though it may be only an episode, or an incident in the event. On looking at a picture, the expression should be the key to the passion of the story represented—to the leading principle, the main point of the incident—its virtual essence. The accessories of scene, persons, costume, &c. serve to determine the locality and the circumstances of the event or incident; but the expression of the countenances of the principal figures should convey to the spectator an impression similar to that which would be produced by the actual scene itself, which the rest of the picture would serve to heighten. It is by the delineation of persons with appropriate looks and actions, varied according to their ages, sex, or nature, and accessorial incidents, that the painter is enabled to bring before the eye an event, and to comment upon it by means of the illustration of the feelings of others. In the Cartoons of the 'Death of Ananias,' and of 'Paul preaching at Athens,' and 'Elymas the Sorcerer,' if you isolate the principal figure in each composition, you perceive how much the main incident owes to the varied and expressive looks, gestures and attitudes of the different persons in the scene; and though the truth and force of the attitude and expression of the principal figures be in no way deteriorated by their being viewed apart, you still perceive how wonderfully the rest of the picture aids the effect upon the mind, and, indeed, how essential the rest is to the due understanding and feeling of the subject. By this test the expression of all principal figures

in a picture should be tried. As colours placed in juxtaposition heighten or subdue each other, so does the expression of a number of faces in a picture; while the effect is like that harmony of tone which the eye delights to dwell upon, as the ear upon a strain of music composed of various parts and performed by various instruments in concert. In that grand picture by Sebastian del Piombo in our National Gallery, what a group of fine faces are introduced! the expression of each of which is subdued to the nature of the event embodied. Here, however, the principal figure of Christ is the least expressive, and the group of Lazarus (said to have been designed by Michael Angelo) becomes of the first importance, and gives the tone of expression to the rest of the picture. The principal figure in the composition is not nor need always be the key to the expression of the whole picture; the necessity for that depends upon the nature of the event, and the mode in which it is treated. In this picture, for instance, the wonderful greatness of power in the worker of the miracle is merged in the marvellous consummation of the miracle itself, the minds of the persons who view its accomplishment are bent on the strange and horrible sight, and curiosity blended with amazement and terror is the ruling passion in their breasts at this precise moment of time. Had our Saviour been represented in the act of pronouncing the words "Lazarus, come forth," then the eyes and feelings of the multitude would have been properly directed to him, and his look would have been the key to the expression of the picture; but as it is, Christ at the precise point of time described in the picture is a secondary personage. After the wonder and curiosity of the people have subsided by beholding Lazarus alive, then their attention becomes directed again to Christ, with an internal feeling of settled wonder and reflection succeeding to amazement, terror, and curiosity. In this way ought historical pictures of events to be viewed both by the artist who paints and the spectator who contemplates them. A painter can only represent one moment of time, and that precise moment of time should be clearly defined before he finishes the invention of his picture. He may conceive the scene at various points of time, as well as in various points of view and in various modes of representation; but having made his election, he should rigidly adhere to the exact turn in the event; or else there will be wanting that unity of purpose in the expression and action which is so essential to a perfect picture, and to its producing a true and vivid effect upon the mind. By means of accessorial figures and expressions and episodical circumstances, an epic character may be given to the pictorial representation of the event, without those anomalies which we sometimes



see in the works of the old painters, where an event is represented in more than one point of time in the same picture, like two scenes represented on the stage at one time.

No one we presume will deny the propriety of these truisms; but how few of our painters of the present day set about the invention of pictures in this way! They paint to please the eye, more than to affect the heart or the mind. They consider first the effect of the composition and colour, how the figures will group most gracefully. They are trammelled up by technicalities, and leave the consideration of the vital points of expression till the last. Thus a painter who would represent Christ in a triumphal procession leaves the head of the Saviour till the last; and then, without having perhaps determined upon the expression of the face or its features, proceeds to paint in and paint out, till he hits upon one that he thinks will pass for want of a better,—and this he lets remain. What is the consequence? That the head has as little connection with the rest of the picture, as any one of the isolated studies. The harmony of the expression is marred. It is as though a musical composer should score a symphony without a key note, or a poet write a drama and invent a hero afterwards,—if such absurdities were possible. This it is to endeavour to paint up to a vague idea of a subject, instead of painting from a vivid idea and a clear understanding and feeling of an event. But this, though from the exalted nature of the principal person, and from the general skill of the artist, it is a glaring, is not by any means a solitary instance of the *inverse* mode of painting. If artists were never to set about painting a picture until they had thoroughly understood the nature of the event, and felt the passion or ruling feeling of the incident,—conceived the characters of the principal actors,—and determined upon the mode of treating it,—the points of time and of the feeling to be seized upon, the way in which they intended the expression and action to develop the feeling, and the precise features and expression to be given to the principal characters,—we should have one historical picture where we have perhaps twenty; but it would at least be an honour to the artist and the British school, worthy of the subject, and better than a hundred showy failures.

It cannot be denied, that beautiful as is the colouring and effect of most of the pictures painted by modern artists, the expression and meaning of the characters (except in those of the lower class) are so prominently deficient, as to render them almost valueless with reference to the incident delineated. We are disposed as much as any one to praise and be gratified with a beautiful painting for the sake of its effects on the eye; but we cannot hoodwink our understanding to the

demerits and deficiencies of a picture in its vital points; nor can we allow a grand event or a touching incident to be employed as a mere stalking-horse, on which to throw the splendid trappings of the artist's study, a mere peg on which to hang up a costume,—without not only protesting against the practice, but exposing the insufficiency of those who adopt it. When the fine art of Painting is viewed and exercised only as a means of pleasing the eye with a set of figures in various costumes, like the personages of a fancy ball or masquerade, it is degraded to a mere handicraft, and those who exercise it in this way are only skilful operatives, and we commend them to the potters and paper-hangers to decorate our walls and embellish our china-ware.

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#### KING'S COLLEGE.—MR. SMIRKE.

WERE we called upon briefly to sum up our opinion of the professional talents of the architect of King's College, we should describe him in the words of Pope, as one who is

“Content to dwell in decencies for ever.”

Mr. Smirke never indulges in *vagaries* of any kind, for he never steps out of the beaten track. His style is not a little insipid, yet perfectly decorous and *well-bred*. Notwithstanding which, although he never shocks us by any very glaring improprieties of commission, he generally contrives to disappoint us by those of omission. As far as it goes, his system is a safe and secure one; but then it goes a remarkably little way, hardly ever exceeding the limits of mediocrity, and stopping short of the confines of genius. He seems rather to be content with the negative merit of merely not offending, than ambitious of the higher praise of delighting us by eliciting new beauties, and displaying original powers. He never sinks below, but neither does he ever rise above, the ordinary level. His porticoes are *classical*, his columns are *classical*; still they are classical merely by routine, being just what any one else could produce with the assistance of Stuart's Athens. They are *correct*, because they are fac-similes; their correctness therefore is not the result of study, or rather, it is of that species which is attainable without any study at all beyond that of mechanical imitation. The accuracy he exhibits is precisely the same as what would be shown by a Chinese workman were he set to copy a Grecian column with an original before him. It happens oddly enough, too, that although he always affects to be ultra-classical in his designs, he rarely infuses into them any of the

spirit of the antique; nay, seems so little to understand it, that he not unfrequently mars and disfigures them by blemishes which, although apparently of very minor importance in themselves, impart a vulgar taint to the whole. Clever as a copyist, as an imitator he is for the most part both unskilful and unfortunate; for as soon as his authorities desert him, and he is thrown upon his own resources, he betrays such a sterility of imagination, such a deficiency of taste, and so much feebleness and insipidity, that we almost question whether he really feels the beauties of the style he professes to follow. As to originality, hardly anything like a virgin idea can be pointed out in any of the numerous works he has executed.

The New Post Office, which, by the by, has been cried up as a wonderfully fine piece of architecture, will not be found to contradict our criticism. That it is a very noble building, in a style immeasurably superior to that of almost every one of the most lauded productions of the last century, is indisputable; and that we ourselves can view it with sufficient satisfaction, although not with unqualified approbation, we as readily concede. Still we cannot help suspecting that we must attribute the improved taste it exhibits quite as much to the age as to the artist. Even a lad who had passed only two or three years in an architect's office, could not fail to produce something many degrees better in point of design to what we find was able to confer distinction upon its author about a century ago. At least he could not well commit such egregious solecisms, or indulge in such offensive puerilities. Not having seen any of the projects sent in by the other competitors, we cannot judge how far Mr. Smirke's merited the preference it obtained; but we must say, when we look around us, we do not think he has at all advanced beyond the average ability of his contemporaries.

In estimating an architect's talents, people seldom take into the account how much he has either been favoured or impeded by external circumstances, making no allowance in the latter case, while in the other they gratuitously impute to superior skill and talent what is chiefly to be attributed to propitious opportunity.\* Thus many a man has obtained considerable reputation, if not altogether perdurable fame, merely because he has been employed upon great works. We are much

\* This, we apprehend, would be placed beyond a doubt, were there any public institution or architectural Record Office to serve as a repository for all the plans and drawings sent in by various artists whenever there has been a competition for any public work. An archive of this sort would be attended with many advantages, and occasionally also, we admit, with something that would be particularly disagreeable.

of the opinion of Molière's miser, when he tells his cook that any one may make a handsome dinner with a plenty of good things, but that the great art consists in making a splendid banquet out of almost nothing. While, therefore, we are far from denying that the Post Office possesses much dignity, we also feel that it would have required a more than ordinary degree of perverse ingenuity to have rendered a façade of such extent, and constructed of such material, otherwise than imposing, and possessing some pretension to grandeur. Unless counteracted by extreme littleness of manner, mere quantity can hardly fail to produce, *cæteris paribus*, a more striking effect than is attainable upon a smaller scale:—this species of merit, therefore, depends far more upon mere accident than talent; and we will venture to affirm, that there never yet was, and to predict that there never will be, an architect who would erect a small building if he were at liberty to erect a large one.

The question then becomes this: Has Mr. Smirke exhibited here any of those finer qualities of art which evince superior taste and intelligence?—is there anything in the general composition that indicates a master mind?—any bold conception—any original idea—any peculiar felicity of expression—any particular beauty of detail,—or anything that the architect has stamped as exclusively his own? If there be, it is more than we have yet been so fortunate as to discover. Where he has quoted the ancients (architects, we cannot help observing, frequently do little more than quote, and sometimes with little propriety too,) Mr. Smirke does as well as any one else, and any one else would do equally well as Mr. Smirke; but when he ceases quoting, and gives us Mr. Smirke, we instantly become sensible of the difference.

Where, we ask, was his *classical* taste,—his perception of the *το καλον* and the *το προπον*,—when he could either design for a Grecian Ionic hall, those miserable windows fit only for a kitchen or a stable, and those three insignificant, odd-looking arched doorways, with the clumsy gallery above them; or could think of putting up Ionic columns in a vestibule of that description? At least why did he not attempt to preserve some degree of keeping, and accommodate the order more to his own architecture—if he could not render the latter more of a piece with the order—by leaving the columns unfluted? We beg pardon for such a question: Mr. Smirke would not be guilty of anything so unclassical for the world. Where too, we must again ask, was either his invention or his taste, when he made the design for the palisading in front of the building? in which it is impossible to trace the least similarity of character with anything antique.

If we seem to be trying Mr. Smirke by a rather severe test, it at least

proves that we consider his works worth such a critical examination; and also because such defects annoy us far more than they would if the whole were more uniformly mediocre, when such inconsistencies would be less striking and less offensive. Nay, we will admit that far grosser violations of propriety are to be met with in the works of his predecessors, and that if he chooses to be measured by such a standard, he will undoubtedly not appear to disadvantage. Yet it would be but a poor compliment to an architect of the nineteenth century, to say that he has steered clear of the vices and barbarisms that more or less disfigure nearly every building of every architect from Inigo Jones to James Payne inclusive. This would be rather too much like commending a poet of the present day for not being so dull as Sir Richard Blackmore, or affecting to admire a face-painter as being at least equal to Jervis or Hudson. By lowering our standard in this way, it is not difficult to make anything appear great; compared with the 'Castle of Otranto' the production of almost the meanest imitator of the Waverley school will seem a master-piece; by the side of Hoole, any tolerable versifier may pass for a poet.

Now Heaven forbid that we should set up such an insulting defence for Mr. Smirke, as to say that compared with the Swans and the Lewises, the Taylors and the Paynes, the Carters and the Carrs of the last century, he is truly Grecian where it pleases him to be Greek, and Gothic where it pleases him to be Gothic; that if sometimes quite as frigid and tame, he is infinitely more pure, if not more imaginative—never so *bathetic*. Praise of such description would, in our estimation, be infinitely worse than a hundred lampoons—"very tolerable," as the worthy Dogberry says, "yet not to be endured." Mr. Smirke seems to have got all his architecture "by heart," or rather by rote; to have furnished himself with a goodly assortment of ideas,—not exactly new, indeed, but as "good as new," of which he seems to be solicitous to make the most by eking them out in the thriftiest manner. To such an extent does he carry his caution, that it would really be difficult to point out three or four *bona fide* original ideas in all that he has done; which is saying a good deal, since he has had as ample opportunities as any one of the present generation of architects.

If, considered as a work of art, and not merely as so many columns and windows, and so many square feet of surface, the Post Office must be content with our acquiescence rather than our approbation, the terms in which we find ourselves compelled to speak of some of Mr. Smirke's other works will not bring down upon us the accusation of flattery. In the church in Wyndham Place, he seems to have lost himself entirely. It is bald even to meanness—a meeting-house with a steeple; and that

steeple, moreover, is as uncouth in every respect as could well have been devised. It would be downright libelling even Mr. Nash's spire in Langham Place, to compare it with the structure in Wyndham Place. Belgrave Chapel is infinitely better, because there he has ventured upon nothing more daring than a plain tetrastyle portico of the Ilyssus Ionic; and the whole is in good keeping, and free from offensive anomalies. Of very different character is the structure containing the Union Club-house and College of Physicians, than which it would not be easy to point out a more huddled-up composition, or a more disagreeable kind of antithesis than that formed by the *classical* columns and the exceedingly unclassical aspect of the other features, and the manner in which they are put together\*. All that we can prevail upon ourselves to add by way of qualifying the opinion we have expressed, is, that it must be understood with reference to the east side of the building, and also with reference to the improved architectural style of the present day, otherwise it would be exceedingly easy to point out far greater offenders.

Mr. Smirke's *rifacciamento* of the front of the Custom House may be appreciated at a glance. He has, we confess, so far rendered it all of a-piece, that the centre is now of no more importance than the wings. Mr. Laing's design was certainly a very so-so affair upon the whole; still it did possess some propriety of character, and some degree of balance and contrast: these Mr. S. has "poked out" altogether; consequently the building has not been at all improved by the *Reform* to which it has been subjected; on the contrary, it is now as insipid and flat a pile of stone and mortar as can be imagined.

As yet it would be premature to speak of what Mr. Smirke has done at the British Museum. It was asserted some time back in the House of Commons, that when completed, the whole pile will form one of the most splendid pieces of architecture of modern times. The value of the opinion must of course depend altogether upon the judgment on which it is founded. We can only say, that as far as we are guided by present appearances, we are not particularly sanguine in our expectations. The exterior of the wings towards the court presents but a cold and sullen aspect; and, if we may trust those who have seen the designs, the façade will be rather tame and common-place. Perhaps, however, the

\* Mr. Nash has been unmercifully quizzed for the little dome peeping above the top of the New Palace, which, if not a very noble, is certainly not an unsightly object. But our *classical* architect has offended far more egregiously in the College of Physicians, where he has inadvertently suffered several ordinary skylights to appear on the top of the roof, so as absolutely to disfigure the building, and give it the appearance of a manufactory or workshop.

honourable critic in Parliament spoke rather with allusion to the interior of the structure, where we admit that Mr. Smirke has greatly surpassed himself in the Library in the east wing. On this we can bestow unqualified approbation, which we do most cheerfully. Here there is no drawback upon our admiration; the whole being as much distinguished by the uniform elegance that reigns throughout, as by the beauty of its materials and its imposing extent. Whatever the architect, too, may opine of the general tone of our criticism and our censorial strictures, he will hardly undervalue our praise, or suspect us of adulation.

Without extending this examination of his other works, we shall now speak of that which, as it furnishes the title of our article, ought to have been noticed long before. We, however, have preferred marshalling our paragraphs more according to the etiquette observed in a royal procession, where the post of honour is not in the van. We must not be understood as intimating by this, that King's College deserves this *kingly* situation by its intrinsic merit. With regard to the elevation of the College itself, if there is nothing in it to warrant particular animadversion, there is likewise nothing to excite our approbation, beyond the pitch of calm complacency. We greatly question the propriety of deviating from the plain and unadorned, yet not unpleasing style of the opposite range of building; or we should rather say we think it would have been better had that model been adhered to, as by that means uniformity and economy would have gone hand in hand. At present, the consistency that would have atoned for embellishment is quite destroyed, although it is hardly possible for any one to divest himself of the idea that the structures opposite, and thus opposed to each other, essentially form a portion of one extensive whole. We think, too, that even if it were desirable to give a more ornate character to the new building, it would have been as judicious to have adhered to Sir William Chambers's model in the elevations towards the court, upon which Mr. Smirke has certainly not improved: he is less Italian than his predecessor, without being a whit more Grecian; and has deviated materially from him both in his basement and his order, without substituting anything better. Every one who compares either the back-front of the part towards the Strand, or the opposite end of the court, with Mr. Smirke's design, must be sensible of this: for while the detail is far less picturesque, the general aspect is of an inferior stamp. It is certainly neat and pretty enough, but it is altogether destitute either of nobleness of manner or gusto. Compared with the order, the architraves of the windows look bald and feeble; and we may here observe, too, that Mr. Smirke almost invariably employs the same design for his



windows, be the order he introduces, or the general character he aims at, what it may :—as to character, indeed, his style exhibits but a very limited compass. In the order, the plain modillions of the cornice do not harmonize particularly well with fluted shafts :—as little do we approve of projecting and retiring divisions being introduced into this façade ; as it tends still more to destroy that degree of balance and general correspondence of outline, if not of detail, which the eye naturally looks for in a vista of this nature. We will nevertheless own that we may be somewhat hypercritical here, since the architect may plead that this was done expressly in order to prevent that degree of uniformity between the opposite ranges of building, which would have rendered their discrepancy in other respects more unpleasing ; and he may further say, they are as independent of each other as buildings facing each other in the same street. Be this as it may, we regret that he did not employ material of the same hue and texture as that used in the ornamental parts of Sir William's building. If Portland stone was considered too expensive, it then becomes a question whether it would not have been better to have carried the principle of economy still further, making the exterior of the College similar to the opposite building, and to have expended all that would have been thus saved, in forming a more noble approach from the Strand, and rendering that, if not an extensive, at least an imposing piece of architecture,—a character to which the present entrance has no pretension whatever.

Were it not for the arms of the College—which, by the by, a certain architectural critic, whom we have had the honour of introducing to our readers, must pronounce to be truly “intolerable,” since they stand like the columns of the open loggias on the terrace, above a mere arch, and consequently threaten to fall upon the heads of those who venture beneath it,—were it not, we say, for the arms, this homely gateway might be mistaken for one leading to some mews, or to a porter-brewery. Still, however dissatisfied we may be with it in itself, we are satisfied that it will be found to confirm some of our remarks,—being an evident proof that Mr. Smirke either does not possess, or does not care to employ, the talent of effecting much with apparently little means. The frontage towards the street is certainly narrow, not quite equal to that of the Post Office ; nay, a few feet more would not have been amiss ; still, even as it is, there was a fine opportunity to produce a noble *propylæum*, of strikingly original and picturesque design ;—something, in short, stamped with an air of sublimity, and rearing its lofty crest with majesty. But, most unfortunately, Mr. Smirke has too much of that disposition which, although so amiable in ethics, is so fatal in art, ever

to indulge in ambitious aspirations. He is perfectly content to adopt the very first idea that presents itself, be that idea ever so homely or hackneyed. He has accordingly given us here what we have seen over and over again,—a stale and vapid design; exempt, it must be confessed, from any notable vice, yet equally exempt from any particular beauty\*. It is just the kind of design a mere builder would have furnished; and had we been told that Mr. Cubitt was the author of it, we might have deemed it a sufficiently respectable affair.

No one, we will venture to say, not even the architect of the New Palace, flings away opportunities at the rate Mr. Smirke does. Here, for instance, was one—we could name many others—of which an architect of any genius would have eagerly availed himself, to have erected not only a noble exterior façade, but also a fine and varied scenic perspective from the street; which might have been effected in many different ways, all more or less highly novel and striking—but all neglected. Wherefore, too, is this gateway, such as it is, made to form a gap between the houses? since there seems to be as little meaning and motive in it, as there was occasion for so doing. In some cases a break of this kind is made to conduce to effect: here it is attended with none that we can discover, except it be a disagreeable one, appearing to arise more from mere accident than purpose. In fact, this circumstance even tends to render the entrance still more insignificant, by giving it the appearance of being squeezed in between the houses. Perhaps, however, we may be mistaken after all; and certainly its coy *retiring* modesty is commendable, arising, as without doubt it does, from the consciousness that it loses nothing in our esteem by not being more conspicuously placed. Or it may be that the gateway is thrown back in order to give the opportunity of railing it off by a barrier, which is still uglier than the palisading in front of the Post Office,—such as a common carpenter would design,—absolutely mean and uncouth, both in its general appearance and detail, and in a style infinitely inferior to what we now perceive aimed at even in ordinary shop fronts.

Although it is not our good fortune to be of the number, Mr. Smirke has his admirers; and to some one among them we must now leave the

\* We are tempted to relate here the following anecdote, for the edification of Mr. S. and all other artists who display more of self-content than of the glorious vice of noble minds. "My new tragedy escaped last night," said a *tolerable* dramatic writer, "without a single hiss." "Yes," was the reply, "so it certainly did; and, what is more, the audience escaped without a single tear."

task, if any one will undertake it, of pointing out those merits we have never yet been able to discern. Even the degree of reputation he has acquired serves only to enhance to us the disappointment we invariably experience in almost everything that he produces.

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#### HINTS TO AMATEURS IN THE STUDY OF LANDSCAPE.

It may be said, without the fear of imputation for national vanity, that the existing school of landscape in Great Britain, is (taking it for "all in all") not only the greatest existing, but equal to any that has ever existed. In the maintenance of this assertion, we presume to use the term in its fullest extent, by including in landscape the beau-ideal of composition, and the delineation of real views, whether the scenery may be purely natural, or a mixture of nature adorned with objects of art, or town scenery in which objects of art alone form the subject or prototype for the picture; these subjects embracing, according to the modern and certainly not inappropriate nomenclature, the *Epic*, the *Pastoral*, the *Domestic*, and the *Topographical*: to these perhaps may be added the *Marine*, which, though properly classed by itself, is by the British landscape painters so congenially handled,—and coming moreover not unfrequently under the class of views, it is thereby allied, by a sort of graphic consanguinity, to landscape. We, however, leave this arrangement to the decision of others, being no dogmatists, neither sticklers for terms as applied or misapplied to landscape art.

We are not unprepared to meet the objections of certain prejudiced persons, who may be startled at the assertion with which we have commenced; for we are aware that many are to be found who will pronounce such dictum to be a daring assumption, and dispute it as such accordingly.

Many they are, whose predilections in favour of the old masters are so strongly rooted as not to be moved to the conviction that they might possibly be wrong, though one came from the dead to prove that they were—not in the right.

To be sure, there is something so delightful in cherishing our affections for names long long held dear, and for works which we have ever indulged in admiring "only on this side idolatry,"—that giving up their infallibility may be likened to turning the back upon one's household gods.

The Poussins (Nicola and Gaspar), Claude, Salvator Rosa, Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Hobbima, Vandevelde, and who besides?—Have painters worthy to be likened to these, since their day, ever been met rambling arm-in-arm with dame Nature in any one of her thousand paths in all her vast domains? “No, that no one will tell,—or tell and be believed!”

These were glorious names, in truth; and no less glorious their works! but we have names to boast—and works, such as the like were never seen before;—but let us not dispute: be Poussin, Claude, Salvator, Rembrandt;—yea, all afore-named, and all worthy naming beside, of these fair olden days,—be these ever, as heretofore, honoured and revered: we provoke not comparison, and again return to our living native school.

“He who would write with grace and ease,” said Dr. Johnson, “should give his days and nights to the study of Addison.” So he who would design with grace and feeling should look at Nature through the optics of Turner. We do not mean by this, a wish to raise a school of copyists; neither did Johnson. As young authors study books preparatory to “reading Nature,” so should young painters contemplate pictures, ere they venture to open the volume of her mysteries.

These pages, however, are not addressed to the tyro who may be studying with professional intentions, though he may, if he be so inclined, derive some useful information from the desultory hints which we mean to offer: we pen them for the advantage of those who evince a desire for the study of landscape as amateurs,—a class of persons for whom we have ever entertained kind feelings, arising out of that sentiment which is begotten by congeniality of pursuits.

First, then, we particularly caution the amateur to avoid the pernicious practice of attempting to represent his thoughts in a loose sketchy style. We know full well the potency of its fascinations, but they must be resisted; for whoever yields to their seductions will be in danger of never studying with that rectitude which will produce a work worthy the name of art.

This love of sketching the thoughts is too frequently an indulgence which is very self-deceiving; for those who addict themselves to the practice are apt to suppose that they can thus pour out their fancy or their feelings, and embody the richness of their imaginations, by a sort of inspiration. But, as a learned critic aptly observed, “there is oftentimes a wide difference between a love for art and a capacity for art.” It is true that no one can produce an effective sketch without

feeling ;—but feeling alone will not effect a sketch. To accomplish such a species of graphic magic is the result of the most recondite knowledge of art. The mere playthings of uncultured imagination, however rich the soil, are shaped alone by chance: hence the incoherencies that so commonly are obtruded upon good taste as emanations of amateur genius; rendered still more annoying by the nonsensical apology for such graphic idling, “ You must regard them as mere impromptus—for I am no friend to finishing.”

It is very strange that in an age like this, when we hear in every coterie of our rapid intellectual advances and the universal spread of knowledge, that there should be so little of this general congratulation deservedly to be shared amongst those who affect to preach about the Fine Arts. It would be difficult we verily believe,—and we give utterance to our faith with sorrow,—to name any people upon earth, who plume themselves upon their enlightenment, to whom all that concerns the Fine Arts may be generally considered so completely a dead letter as those who proudly boast themselves “ natives of England.” Were it not so, how could that class which assumes to itself super-mental refinement—the higher order we mean of course—look on with apathy at the mighty advance making in every department of painting and engraving, and, so far from appreciating what is excellent and daily placed before their eyes, ignorantly prefer that species of graphic rubbish which is thrust forth as *Fancy Articles* in print-shop windows, to the exclusion of works that obtain for their authors the applause of the few amongst us that have a particle of good taste, and the admiration of the whole people of every other enlightened nation in Europe!

If we should appear to write upon these matters with unbecoming asperity, we could note, amidst a thousand other obvious instances, that during a recent morning walk in one of the most fashionable streets, wherein certain shops exhibited those gems of art, the plates of the *Landscape Annuals*,—for every *one*, in this boasted epoch of intellect, whom we counted examining their obvious beauties, there were *twenty*, or twice that number, gazing with ecstasy in front of other shops at gaudy-coloured aquatinta prints of lanky race-horses, or lithographic tom-fooleries. Meanwhile, those who might reasonably be supposed to possess some small sprinkling of intelligence, *coldly calculate*, over their claret and champagne, “ whether the proprietors of so many of these *Annuals* were not likely to burn their fingers by meddling with such foolish speculations ? ”

It may be an Age of Intellect, but Heaven help the *Intellectual*; for as it was, so it is now, in spite of our national egotism. The smell of

a smoking link that lights the gilded chariot through a November fog to the Temple of Folly, is more sweet in the nostrils of Fashion, than the odour of the bright torch of Genius, perfumed with the gums of Arabia, which would enlighten their way to the Temple of Minerva.

The time will come, if the world should last as long as the period from which we date the epoch which produced a Rembrandt and an Ostade,—the time will come, when connoisseurs will, as now, be hunting for every scrap of *our* old masters. Then will the *then* encouragers of art be seen, purse in hand, out-bidding each other for a mutilated single bit of one of these Annuals, as curiosities of *virtù*, at one hundred times the cost of the whole volume; which small sum the contemporaries of its author could not afford to spare, in reward for his ingenuity and talent. Such as are now black-letter dilettanti, who *never* recognize *living* merit, will be those in future ages, who will see *nought* but merit in the works of those who *lived* centuries before. It is wealthy England alone that has given birth to such sapient connoisseurs.

How can it be otherwise, one may ask, when every polite, well-educated family has its Album, and every Album its abundant cargo of graphic inanity, which is opened ever and anon to groups of gaping folly, who exclaim at every page, "Charming! excellent! What a delightful accomplishment is painting!"

Yes! it is a delightful accomplishment; but they who would paint should first learn to draw. This is an axiom, the truth of which is irrefragable. To be sure, the precept is no new discovery; consequently we only repeat it, trusting its efficacy will be admitted by those, the few, who, having a predilection for the study of painting, are willing to set about their studies with a desire to improve. We advise those who are in earnest, then, touching the matter, to begin at the beginning.

We know of no better way than that, which many, if not most of the self-taught landscape painters have commenced with, namely, that of carefully copying some clever print. "But where shall we obtain them?" Ask any artist, properly so denominated, and he will tell you: but above all things avoid consulting any of these quacks who, because they are *not* artists, presume to teach the art, lest they persuade the aspirant to copy *sketches*.

There is one SKETCHER whom we could name, *par eminence*. Would we had the wit of Churchill, how we would show him up! or rather—for that were still more just,—how we would expose the incomprehensible wilful waste of money, time, and paper, of the Fools of Fashion, who suck such asinine draughts of graphic tastelessness from his overflowing fountain! This famed Sketcher, with his cap and bells, is fol-

lowed as is the bell-wether of a flock of silly sheep. Lily-white ladies past their teens, and dandy dragoons six feet high, as soft as they, take lessons of this Count Smudge, and pay him somewhat about two guineas by the superficial foot for teaching them (the innocents!) how to manufacture *superficial* sketching by the yard. Verily we tell the veritable tale in sober gravity, though, were our reputation not established, we should not expect to be believed, in proclaiming that this Count Smudge, for exhibiting one hour before his enlightened disciples, pockets the amount of a learned physician's fee from each, for the privilege of beholding his *legerdemain* in covering with pencils cut fourteen days before, marked B and double B, translated *Black, Bubble bubble!* and S, for so the sibyls have it, *Soft*—as the pates of those who patronize such senseless charlatanry.

No, do not commence by sketching; begin with drawing; and be careful to select subjects that are well defined. It is by no means a bad practice to make a slight tracing of the general outline of what you intend to copy, particularly if there be buildings in the fore-ground or middle-ground, sufficiently near to define the forms of all the architectural and other features. This recommendation we are aware will startle some; but we speak advisedly, having witnessed the efficacy of the practice in many memorable instances.

The difficulty of drawing accurately all the complicated forms of a building, is too apt to deter beginners from proceeding. Everything at the commencement of the study of an art should be rendered as pleasing and as easy as possible. The first object in setting the youthful disciple to work, should be that of creating in his mind a genuine love for study; where this object is attained, then follows feeling for art; and when once that has taken root in the mental soil, its growth will be healthful and rapid, its branches will spread, and its fruit will be rich and abounding.

Mere mechanical copying in outline effects little towards forming a landscape-painter. There is a wide difference between a rigid, prim rule-and-compass outline, and that careless indifference to positive form which album-makers affect. The one manner may be likened to lead to such picture-making as the elaborated heads of Denner, who represented every pore in the skin of his faces; and the other, to those of that class of flighty geniuses who paint faces without even a feature. The happy medium between these may be demonstrated in the works of many portrait-painters of our own school, and persons of perception will apply it to landscape and every other department of art.

Now though we recommend the tracing slightly the general outline,



—be it understood this is not to encourage idle habits, but purely to spare the mind of the tyro, lest, in his efforts to copy without such mechanical aid the complicated forms of a well studied composition, his ardour may be worn out ere he come to that part of his mental journey where the prospect opens “rich and sunny.”

Our object at this point is to place the work in that state which will enable him to perfect the outline on this slight tracing, by the most careful imitation, paying the strictest observance to every turn or form, so that its intention and fitness may be comprehended, and its sentiment and beauty completely felt and understood. The black lead pencil is a most expressive implement; for even an outline wrought by its means by a masterly and feeling hand, becomes an object delightful to the eye of Taste.

There are two properties in drawing, equally essential to do any thing effectively, even with a black lead pencil; namely, the outside drawing and the inside drawing. The water-colour artists of the last century seemed not to be aware of this. Hence the far greater parts of their topographical works are rigidly outlined with dark colour, whilst the filling up of the parts may be compared to chaos, “without form, and void.” It is a philosophical axiom, and moreover a true one, that abstractedly there is no such property as outline in Nature. It would seem, and strange indeed is the *seeming*, that Paul Sandby and most of his contemporaries, even when they were looking at and studying from Nature, saw nothing else than outline; whilst in truth, the great knowledge of drawing is exhibited within the boundaries of outline in the science of *chiar'-oscuro*.

The outline being perfected, the next object for the student's consideration is to examine, with the fullest exertion of his perception, this feature of art, as it is displayed in the subject which he is copying.

We will suppose his prototype to be a topographical subject from Turner or Nash,—we cannot recommend better examples than the engravings from these masters,—and that the print chosen is a line engraving by the hand of Le Keux. In such a print may be found a complete exemplar of the properties implied. The student should contemplate his example well, until his mind is completely fraught with the tones and semi-tones which pervade every part, their individual character, and their general harmony, as constituting a whole. Having developed this, half the difficulty is accomplished ere he commences the operation of adding shadow to his outline.

By this steady mode of thinking he will learn to read a fine print; from thence he will learn how to comprehend the same qualities in colour

which constitute the tones and semi-tones that make the *chiar'-oscuro* of a painted picture ; and one step more leads him forth to look about him, and to finish his education in Art, by reading the book of Nature.

Now then, advancing to this point, the student will, by a careful attempt at shadowing, develop the organization of his hand and his capacity as to feeling. If he does his best, a test may soon be discoverable by which to judge of his aptitude for painting : for though one youth's hand in its organization is much more completely formed, touching executive power, than that of another ; yet that which is less perfect, being guided by a mind possessing superior feeling, an estimate may be made of each which shall warrant sober judgment in pronouncing an opinion that both will excel. With one, the hand is more powerful than the mind ; and with the other, the mind holds the mastery. Salvator Rosa's daring and imposing style excited wonder ; whilst Claude, with none of his vigour, delighted by his amenities.

Supposing the tyro to have succeeded in his task by rendering a successful imitation of the print thus placed before him, he has made no inconsiderable advance ; for he has proved that he possesses the two necessary faculties for art,—perception and feeling. More real knowledge is obtained by one successful operation thus effected by well directed perseverance, than by that species of thoughtless diligence which covers reams of paper in loosely copying a whole collection of similar subjects. Those who copy with a determination to excel, experience increasing delight as they proceed, and never retrograde ; whilst he who dashes on thoughtlessly for mere amusement, neither pleases himself nor others, because he never advances.

The student having succeeded in this meritorious attempt, commences his next copy with that becoming confidence which triumphs over difficulties, and converts what idolence and incapacity would suppose an irksome task, into a service of pleasure. Every day opens to the tyro a new source of delight ; he is imbued with a love of art ; he has got a fair start upon the course, and what shall prevent his winning the race ? Patience and perseverance urge him on ; he now contemns the tracing system, and draws without its aid the complexities of outline with ease and celerity ; his hand acquires mastery, he uses his pencil with freedom, and creates his effect with intelligence and vigour. Now his ardour burns to go to Nature.

Having learned to comprehend the beauty and fitness of *chiar'-oscuro* by a careful development of the "hidden soul of harmony," he sits him down before real objects, whether exhibited upon an ivy-grown wall, a picturesque bank, a pollard-willow, or a congregate of stones,

such as form the fore-grounds of the landscape compositions of Salvator, Poussin, or Turner. And now his mind becomes illumined by rays of new intelligence; that knowledge of the varieties and the qualities of tone which he has imbibed by the study of imitative art, is now confirmed by the contemplation of the same properties in objects of reality. Thus fitted for his new enterprise, his eye selects its object, and the intelligence of his pencil is poured out upon his paper; the study now grows under his creative hand into those orderly and judicious combinations which constitute the very stamina of the *pittoresque*.

It is alone by proceeding thus steadily that the amateur can effect anything in art that can merit the approbation of the painter or the connoisseur. One single study of a pictorial scrap from Nature, however simple be the subject, described with fidelity of form, expressed with the truth of *chiar'-oscuro*, and wrought with that charm of originality which every one will imperceptibly attain who works with the mind as well as the hand,—one single such study, we repeat, is more valuable to the cultivated eye of Taste, than all the specious attempts of the thousand-and-one superficial amateurs, whose graphic conceits crowd the pretty coloured, beautifully hot-pressed crayon-paper leaves of the gorgeously green-and-gold clad, lady-like inanities, and gentleman-like tom-fooleries of modern albums.

Having thus got to the end of our first stage, we must wait for a change of horses; and as we travel in our own vehicle, we intend to stretch our legs awhile and look about us,—this being the congenial season for the study of landscape. What we may happen to pick up worthy of note, we shall communicate in the ensuing Number, under the fond hope of inspiring the youthful amateur with a portion at least of our long cherished enthusiasm for this delightful art.

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN  
WATER COLOURS.

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#### DISTINCTION OF TITLES\*.

It has always struck us as a most extraordinary circumstance, that there can be found persons insane enough to support the theory of universal equality. Their interpretation of equality signifies an equality

\* From a Correspondent.

of rights, of property and influence, and that no man is to be superior to another,—a theory replete with every allurements to dazzle the minds of the vulgar, and incite the talented and ingenious to the levelling of all social compacts,—to the dismembering, in fact, those bonds of union which hold together the various orders and classes of society. The slightest examination into the structure of man, of his physical and intellectual qualities, and the character which he is to assume in life, would at once overthrow the rhapsodies of all such dreamers.

Man cannot war against his nature. For while yet an infant, weak and powerless in every movement, unconscious of feeling—that is, feeling from the action of reason,—still within lies imbedded that germ of mental power and corporeal strength, which as years increase is developed and ready for action, as the various circumstances of life may occur. It is not man who fashions himself; he cannot create, nor can he divest himself of powers bestowed by his Creator, from whose hands he comes moulded into form and being. He is a creature under the influence of an invisible power; and according to the degrees of strength of his mind, he rises in society, or remains in the shades of mediocrity. Thus as long as man is gifted with a mind comprehensive in its nature and expansive in attributes, so long will he always aim at elevation and superiority of distinction:—ambition is the first acting and impelling cause in all; though that ambition is modified or less elevated in its aspirations, according to the greater or less degree of mind in the individual. Every being who comes into life, who enters the arena of the world in all its evolutions of feeling and actions, assists the universal movement to enlightenment;—it is this secret and silent impulse which has propelled the world to its present state and degree of civilization.

As man is a social creature, dependent on enjoyment of life according to his community with others, so true it is that in that assemblage some one will seek to be superior; nor will the rest be backward in awarding him distinction: this feeling of ambition in one, and consequent willingness of controul in others, can be traced from the earliest and rudest times. Among every tribe or nation of barbarians which have been discovered, a superiority of one over the others has always been found;—it is no matter of dispute as to the object of that ambition, it is enough that the inclination exists. Among savages, their equality may go so far as to the enjoyment of necessities of life; but for the government of the tribe, for the direction of its movements, one man will always be found at the head, chosen for some personal qualification, of vigour and acuteness of intellect, or prowess and intrepidity in war. Nor is that distinction lost sight of among the junior branches; they too have in-

duancements for them to exercise the various qualities and powers with which they feel themselves gifted :—achievements in battle, and agility of body in games and pastimes, constitute the chief elements for their road to distinction. Vanity exists in every clime, whether it be under the form of a Negro or copper Indian, or the starched neckcloth and close coat of Europeans.—It is our endeavour to show that equality never has been known, and that in every climate, and of whatever nation, civilized or barbarous, distinction of rank always exists. If therefore among savages such feelings are gratified and ennobled, how much more general and elevated in its nature must it be in civilized society! though in that society, unfortunately, the pursuits of mind claim less distinction than the objects of more worldly application.

Titles of nobility and of lesser distinctions have generally been the rewards of wealth rather than of intellect ; consequently, such strong lines of classification have tended to depress one and exalt the other, which bias gathers new strength by the revolution of years, and hardens the feelings and sympathies of society against the claims for honourable distinction of men of genius in the arts and sciences. True, history presents us with records of poets, painters, &c. being the chosen companions of kings, living in the sunshine of royalty and nobility, glittering with honours and rewards ;—but we must not forget that such marked favour was more the caprice of the individual, rather than arising from any organized system of society. Before the French revolution of 1789 the ranks of the aristocracy were exclusive ; none were admitted to the enjoyment of its numerous privileges but the descendants of hereditary power, or they were gained by intrigues of state and court favour. But it was not to be supposed that such a system should stand ; and it is now open to the claims of every one, no matter what his pursuit, so long as in its nature it is honourable, and in its tendency beneficial to the community. To Englishmen no doubt such a principle is startling. It would strike them as strange, that a member of the Royal Academy should be accounted a peer of the realm. Yet can there be any reasonable argument against it, beyond that this country has not been accustomed to it?—but there never can be any objection why it should not be so\*.

The Academy of France in Paris enrolls amongst its members the highest names in art, in literature, and the sciences ; and many of the most illustrious among them are honourably distinguished as the peers of the empire. What man, but the most narrow in intellect and

\* We presume our Correspondent means only as an honorary distinction, or even we might doubt the qualification of painters for legislation.—EDIT.

bigoted in principle, can object to so noble and supereminent a distinction? Why are the men of *real* genius and mind to be for ever lower in the scale of society than the possessors of hereditary wealth and *supposed* power of understanding? The example of the French nation is a precedent for all the Continental states; there, every kingdom possesses its Academy, and the members of them are looked up to by their fellow-men with respect, and their monarchs delight in rewarding them with distinctions:—there, by the liberal principles of society, their supremacy is acknowledged, and they joyfully concur in honourable testimonials to the attainment of their elevation. It is then, indeed, that science and art ennoble not only the individuals, but shed an emanation of glory around on all, exalting the country which has fostered and encouraged their cultivation.

Man in society, by those qualities before mentioned, looks to distinction of rank as an acknowledgment of his genius. As the various orders of mind and talent find vent and encouragement in society, so from those circumstances arise particular institutions for their especial protection. Hence arise those honourable badges of distinction which time has consecrated as illustrious in character, and fixing on him who obtains them the possession of the highest attributes of mind.

In the formation of their Academy, the French are distinguished by the utmost liberality of principles, in so far as recognizing the merits of genius of every nation, and bestowing upon others those privileges and distinctions which they themselves receive and enjoy. Thus the Academies of Rome, Florence, Venice, Tuscany, America, and many other states, count amongst their members the great and illustrious of every nation and every age. Among their members the genius of England has never been overlooked; Reynolds, West, Fuseli, Lawrence, and others, are numbered in the list of their great names. Nor have the Professors of the sciences of Chemistry, Astronomy, and other intellectual and honourable pursuits, been neglected in their estimation:—thus their beneficent feeling has extended itself to every nation, and concentrated in one point the genius of every grade and country. It need hardly be pointed out how powerful must be the influence of such a feeling in aiding to soothe the minds of the elder professors, in finding themselves honoured and classed with men whose genius all countries unite in acknowledging, after the numerous and vexatious turmoils of their arduous career; and to the younger aspirants, few in years and immature in experience, it holds out a noble example, and acts as an impulse for a vigorous emulation.

“Honours make a man open his eyes, who would else have gone to

his grave with them shut\*." This was said by a dying philosopher, in one of those admirable articles to be met with in our excellent contemporary. When a future writer shall compose into history the events and movements in the world of art and science of the present day, he will have to record the noble institutions of the Continent, and the liberality of their principles, in sad contrast to any similar feeling in England. He will ask, Is it possible, that the Institutions and Academies of England in the 19th century should have been so confined in principles, so close in all their arrangements, as not to be open to enrol amongst their members the genius of other nations, especially when Englishmen found so ready an admittance into all the foreign Academies!

He will be answered, That of all nations now existing, or which have existed, the English are the least imbued with those abstract principles which tend so much to the cultivation and ennobling of the intellects of men, which, by adopting a fixed and organized system of elevation in honorary distinctions, encourages the pursuit of various departments of science and art, by keeping in view the certainty of rewards, at the same time that it flatters their harmless vanity by a classification of superiority above others in society. However objectionable it may be, that we should look on life and the movements of the times with too much of an abstract or philosophical feeling, still it must be acknowledged that a certain influence of that nature to actuate and temper our minds, would act beneficially on all, and induce us to look more to the future, than to dwell so much, as is now the habit, on temporary and every-day matters of life. It is this philosophical feeling that influences the Academies abroad, that has founded them on principles so generous and noble, that actuates the French in throwing open all barriers of monopoly, and holding out to all the prospect of gaining the honours and distinctions in science and art,—that prompted them to the formation of the Gallery of the Louvre, and permitting the high and the low equally to enjoy it. On the contrary, it is the want of this feeling which cramps the minds of the English, which inclines them to look with an air of indifference on all the pursuits of intellect not concentrated to the accumulation of wealth and employment of trade,—that dullness which engenders among them a disregard for the institutions of the country, by reason of which all are and have become as so many monopolies and close corporations,—that unhappy love of gain, that bars our exhibitions and cathedrals but to those who can command admittance by payment.

\* Blackwood's Magazine, *art.* Diary of a late Physician, March 1831.



When we contemplate the liberal and extended principles of all the Academies and Institutions of the Continent, and contrast them with those existing in England, our heart sickens, and we feel obliged to acknowledge ourselves as a nation insensible to the pursuits of intellect and genius ;—insensible, inasmuch as that we take no interest as a nation in their encouragement ; while those institutions already established command no respect from society, because their original principles have been perverted, and made to benefit only the few ; and because the public have not exercised that power which they undoubtedly possess, to controul the management of these bodies. Without stretching our thoughts too abstractedly, it must be acknowledged, that the fundamental and first principles on which all Academies and Societies should be founded, is the furtherance and diffusion of the Arts and Sciences : and while admitting that only the few are to receive the honours and distinctions of Fellowships, it must not be forgotten that those few, when enjoying those rewards, should still labour for the civilization of the world :—this is the light in which it ought undoubtedly to be considered, and which unhappily is too little thought of in this country.

If it is asked what influence or what respect those individuals command who receive those honorary titles and distinctions, or in what degree they are personally benefited,—it will be answered, that their influence is of that nature which in civilized society is ever commanding, from the elevation of their station, because proceeding from individual superiority of character and talent to those of other classes ; and the other portions of society are willing to pour forth their feeling of respect, because they feel convinced that only the possession of talent could earn for the individual the honours which he bears. As to personal benefit, in a pecuniary sense, it may be small ;—but it is from the feeling of having obtained the object for which they have striven through life, knowing that consequently they command the admiration of mankind, that the greatest benefit can accrue to them. Thus the various masses are bound and united into one, from the sympathetic feelings of admiration on the one side, and respect on the other.

Our future remarks will now apply more to this country ; and we beg to state, that in whatever we may say, we bear no feelings of ill-will nor disrespect to individuals : it is only to the principles of the various Institutions that we refer. First we will begin with the Royal Academy, as being the first of the kind in the country. We cavil not about its internal administration, for we doubt not but that its laws are impartially dispensed, and that every individual member keeps in view always the honour of the Academy, and successful progress of

the Fine Arts. Painting is called a liberal art; so designated because it is open to the competition of any individual who may feel inclined to adopt it: it is liberal, because its basis is founded in mind and powers of intellect; because in its cultivation the individual is raised to a loftier eminence, as following a pursuit somewhat different from the daily avocations of others. When we consider that the Royal Academy is the only Institution in England which possesses the privileges of conferring honorary distinctions on artists,—when we further consider that only forty members can receive the highest title, and that all those who do obtain it must, as it were, have drudged their way by a progression of several years as exhibitors,—we are confounded that such a system, such an illiberal principle, should be countenanced in the country;—a principle which acknowledges the existence of no genius, but by such specimens as find admittance into the halls of the Academy, let the talent elsewhere in being be ever so great! This is a state of things which is indeed derogatory to the country and the age.

The advocates of antiquated usages and black-letter rules may argue, Is not the Academy now governed by the laws which were formed at its foundation? and would we alter them after their standing so many years? Would it not be insulting the memory of the beneficent monarch by whose royal mandate it rose into existence? and would it not entail a disgrace, or at least cast a reflection, on the distinction, to extend the number beyond forty?

We will answer, that granting the Academy is still governed by its original laws, is that any foundation for the principle that they are for ever to remain unaltered, in spite of the progress of time and circumstances, and in spite of overwhelming numbers of instances which call loudly for their modification and enlargement? We will answer, that it could never have been the wish of its original founder to have so cramped and limited the benefits of the Academy; and that in altering the laws to suit the wants of present times, if George III. were now living, it is what he himself would adopt. So far from the rank of R.A. becoming less honourable in its nature from the extension of its numbers, it must be evident that it would then be enabled to enrol amongst its companions men of the highest genius in the country; consequently society could never consider that distinction in any other light but of the highest honour, and which it would feel bound to support and respect.

We will ask, What objections can be urged against the increasing of the number of Royal Academicians? What rule, what justifiable argument or principle, can be stated against the proposition, that the distinc-

tion should be conferred on every individual whose genius and whose works have won the attention and admiration of the country? The Academy is a national Institution, concentrating annually within its walls the produce of the talent of the nation, from which emanates that refined taste which is to influence the world, supported by the public and artists, inasmuch as both contribute to its stability and prosperity. Is it too much to demand that the phalanx of a monopoly of the honours of the Fine Arts should be broken, and that all should be welcomed to its enjoyment when supported by undoubted abilities? Instead of the contracted sphere of its present operations, would it not redound more to the honour both of the Academy and the country, if the title of Royal Academician were to be extended to artists not only not having ever exhibited, but likewise to those of other nations? Why is the genius of Martin unacknowledged? Roberts, John Wilson, Davis, and some others, unnoticed? Are they to be denied the honours of the Arts, because they happen to be members of another Institution? How are we to return any acknowledgments to those continental Academies which have ever been ready to award to English artists their testimonies of admiration and respect? Is it by a solemn disdain and contempt?—is it by such means, by such conduct, that we lay our claims to be considered as a free, liberal, and enlightened nation? Much more might be said on the subject of the Royal Academy; but we think we have stated quite sufficient to show to all that some changes are necessary, particularly as to an extension of the honorary distinctions, and that these alterations must take place, and must emanate with that body themselves. A just and noble feeling, both as a body and as individuals, an honourable sympathy to the claims and merits of brother artists and for the dignity of the art itself, should prompt them to the adoption of such measures and alterations as may for the future confer lasting renown on the country, give satisfaction to every individual of the community, and remove that disgraceful but too true appellation, of England's being a nation of monopolists.

There is yet one other fact to which we would point attention. As a national Institution, the Royal Academy is not sufficiently independent: in its election of members it should be left entirely to its own feelings and opinions as to whom and at what period of time it shall think fit to bestow its honours, without the interference of others: for certainly the public voice is the only sure guide by which all Institutions can act rightly. The King exercises a most undue influence and controul over the management of this Institution. No election of a member or president is valid, until recognised and confirmed by him;

thus placing at his will the feelings and merits of genius, and nullifying the opinions and votes of the majority. And although this proviso may not be exercised, still the very existence of such a principle is both disgraceful to the country, and opposed to the interests of the Arts and the feelings of artists. George III. commanded that Sir Thomas Lawrence, when he had become known in London, should be admitted an Associate and an Academician into the Royal Academy, setting aside all the laws formed exclusively on those points. Now without at all attempting to depreciate the genius of Lawrence, we must protest against that act: talented as that *protégé* was, still there was nothing so dazzlingly brilliant about him, which justified the command of setting at nought the laws of that Institution which he had founded, and which at that time enrolled amongst its members some of the brightest stars in British Art. If indeed Lawrence had been a second Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Reynolds, there might have been some justifiable ground for such an exercise of royal authority;—but he never could have been considered in such a light; and this he has since proved by his career.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

*To the Editor of the Library of The Fine Arts.*

SIR,—I rely on your acknowledged liberality and candour for the insertion of this letter in your pages. I read with pain and regret a letter signed "Vindex" in your last number,—not so much a defence of Mr. Dawe, as an attack upon Mr. Lamb; and while I give your correspondent credit for the best motives, I must be allowed to question the propriety of his manner, and to doubt the sufficiency of his vindication.

Vindex commences by designating the anecdotes of Dawe related by Mr. Lamb in the *Englishman's Magazine* "an attack upon his character." If true, they are no attack; and Vindex does not assert that they are false; because, had he done so, he would have been bound to prove them so. I am inclined to believe them true, for two reasons; one of which is, that they are not improbable\*; the other is, that I have faith in Mr. Lamb's veracity.

As regards the "charges" brought against Dawe, which Vindex ad-

\* One of them we think is improbable, and another we know not to be correct.—EDIT.

mits are not of a serious character. I am not more able to prove than he is to disprove their truth. I can only say, that as regards the circumstance of "tears and supplications" being employed to obtain a diploma of the Royal Academy, I have heard it currently related as an undisputed fact, without however any name being appended to it: and I confess that I am not so much disposed as 'Vindex' to "assert that the whole charge is ridiculous, as far as Dawe is concerned;" and I distinctly deny that "the rank was due to his merits." Indeed 'Vindex' unconsciously proves the fallacy of this assertion, by observing that your remarks upon Dawe were somewhat too favourable in some points as an artist. As to Dawe being occasionally neglectful of personal cleanliness, it is a defect not uncommon in the habits of men abstracted by one pursuit; and as Mr. Lamb speaks in this anecdote as an eyewitness, I am not disposed to doubt his veracity; though the incident in question *may* have been an isolated circumstance, and an exception to the general rule of Dawe's habits.

As far as regards the story of the "dog's meat", the remark of 'Vindex,' that Dawe never marketed himself, is rather corroborative of its truth, when connected with the penurious habits of Dawe, which 'Vindex' will not venture to disprove; for to the inexperienced eye of one who was looking only to the cheapness of the viand, the dainties of the tripe-shop may have been confounded, and the edibility of the article in question have been assumed without consideration. The story of the Frenchman who boasted of the cheap dinners he enjoyed by purchasing of a man who cried "Ca-meat—Doo-meat!" is a still stronger case in point: and the "Roman cuttings" of Nollekens rise in the memory—or in the throat rather. The doubt expressed by 'Vindex' of the fact of Dawe's having ever brought home two R. A.'s to dine with him, is reasonable enough; but the story may hold good without the accompaniment of the R. A.'s.

Concerning the goose that was sitting for a swan,—I ask with 'Vindex' "What is there in it" but a joke? and a harmless one, more true than good; though it is not quite so bad as 'Vindex' would have us think it, and it tells in illustration of the character of Dawe. The "laugh" excited by the anecdote is neither "silly" nor "ill-natured"; and if it is raised at Dawe's expense he would not have grudged perhaps this kind of outlay.

As to its being the "fashion to cry down" Dawe's works; since it was once the "fashion" to cry them up, even truth may be said to cry them down in comparison. But no one, I believe, ever accused Dawe of

rising far above mediocrity; and the patronage of the Czar does not prove much in favour of their excellence.

But to come to the attack of 'Vindex' on Mr. Lamb,—to repel which is my principal object in troubling you with this letter. No one will so readily forgive it as the amiable object of that attack: yet no one who has the happiness of knowing the kindly and sensitive nature of Mr. Lamb—sensitive for others in a far greater and higher degree than for himself—but will feel that it comes from one who is quite ignorant of the feelings and disposition of him to whom he is doing such an injustice. By the acknowledgement of 'Vindex,' Mr. Lamb is not likely to have been "often indebted to Dawe for a dinner;" and happily he has never needed to seek one,—nor is he now reduced to the necessity of "libelling" in order to dine. He has earned by the exercise of his fine talents a sufficient independence for his modest wants.

The meanness of this sordid insinuation is unworthy of a generous nature, and the imputation sticks not on the independent character of Mr. Lamb—who, however numerous his guests may have been, has himself never bestowed the rare enjoyment of his company so often as he has been solicited at the tables of others; much less has he ever thrust himself on the company of any one,—he is by constitution incapable of so doing.

I am not surprised that one who knows nothing of Charles Lamb should so gravely bring against him as a serious charge, an avowal, the irony of which must be apparent to all who can appreciate the exquisite subtilty of the point intended by this self-directed sarcasm; by which the sensitive 'Elia' rebukes confessionally the resistless provocation which "a good joke" offers to the wit, who would fain suppress what is uncontrollable. Mr. Lamb's sallies are as brilliant as electric sparkles—and as harmless; for

"Though against Vice and Folly it should knock,  
Naught but the evil suffers by the shock."

Your constant reader,

PHILO-ELIA.

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*Painting and Poetry.*

SIR,—The able correspondent who has enriched your pages with his 'Thoughts on the Choice of a Subject,' has bestowed a somewhat harsh reproof on the following passage from the pen of Mr. Cunningham: "No one but a wild enthusiast like Barry, would claim for any artist that ever breathed, an equality of mind with Homer or Shakspeare or

Dante,—men who have influenced the world from its centre to its circumference : and as for Mr. Northcote's *test*—the winged rapidity of poetry gives us, no doubt, in its lowest as well as its higher moods, many pictures which the genius of art can embody ; but at the same time it presents us with images so vivid and yet illusive, so distinct and yet so shadowy, as to set all at defiance. Who shall paint Elijah's mantle of inspiration !—the still small voice !—the war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder, and who snuffeth the battle afar off !—the magic girdle of the Fairy Queen !—or the cestus of Homer's Venus.

An ambush of sweet snares, &c.\*

Though Mr. C.'s opinion still appears to me just, and established on sound criticism, I will not take upon myself the task of being his advocate, but will cite one more skilful and powerful. I may fairly excuse myself from assuming that office, as being one of your readers to whom the question is no further interesting than as a speculative opinion, while I may plead for the admission of the extract on the ground that the attention of many young artists is drawn to your pages, to whom a determination of the just bounds of art may be of the highest practical importance. They should neither be confined within too narrow limits by tyrannical authority, nor tempted into devious and extravagant wanderings where they may be lost and benighted.

Deference may at once be claimed for the well-weighed conclusions of the late Payne Knight, on the score of admitted taste in every branch of the fine arts, extensive learning, and critical sagacity. A passage in his *Principles of Taste* corroborates the opinion of Mr. Cunningham ; if indeed it be not, as I suspect, the actual foundation of it. " The more distinct a description, " he says, " and the more clearly the qualities, properties and energies intended to be signified or expressed, are brought, as it were, before the eyes, the more effect it will have on the imagination and the passions : but then it should be *distinct* without being *determinate*." Having made this observation, he proceeds :— " Critics have been led into the notion that imagery is rendered sublime by being indistinct and obscure, by mistaking energies for images, and looking for *pictures* where *powers* only were meant to be expressed. Of this kind is Virgil's description of the materials employed by the Cyclops in forming the thunderbolts of Jupiter—

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubes aquosæ  
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis auri :  
Fulgores nunc horribiles, sonitumque, metumque  
Miscabant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras—

\* Page 189, where the word *snares* is misprinted *snow*.



"which all men feel to be extremely sublime, at the same time that they are obliged to own that no chimæra of a madman ever presented a more incoherent subject for a picture than *three rays of twisted showers, three of watery clouds, three of red fire, and three of winged south winds; with terrific lightnings, sound, fear, anger, and pursuing flames mixed up in the work*\*. But the poet never meant to produce a picture; but merely to express in the enthusiastic language of poetry, which gives corporeal form and local existence to everything, those energetic powers which operate in this dreadful engine of divine wrath. The materials of the girdle of Venus are still more remote from anything like visible imagery:—

"Ἐνθ' ἐνὶ μὲν φιλότῃς, ἐν δ' ἱμερὸς, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,  
Πάρφασις, ἥτ' ἐκλείψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων.

"But they are embodied energies or powers, which are of the same nature as the personified energies before treated of; and as such, there is no obscurity or indistinctness whatever in them; nor, indeed, are the expressions of Homer or Virgil, in any instance, either obscure or indistinct, though those of Milton are in many:—clearness and distinctness are, on the contrary, the peculiar characteristics of the former,

Non tantum ut dici videantur, sed fieri res."

Part III. ch. i. § 82."

Though I have claimed deference for the judgment of this eminent critic, I do not demand absolute submission to it. The sincere inquirer for truth should let modesty check him from insolent disdain, but not lower him to servile subjection.

These remarks may perhaps at least serve a good purpose, in drawing from your valuable correspondent a few more "thoughts on the choice of a subject,"—which must have furnished useful hints to many of your readers, whilst they afforded pleasure to the rest.

3rd September, 1831.

W. K.

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*The late Mr. Collins.*

SIR,—As I perceive that your very interesting publication promises to become a record of deceased British worthies who have contributed by their talent to the reputation of the Arts of their country, permit me to avail myself of the space which you devote to your obituary, by giving a slight memoir of the late Mr. Collins, whose death has been recently announced.

\* See 'Sublime and Beautiful', Pt. v. sect. 5.

Mr. Collins in the zenith of his fame ranked amongst the most distinguished portrait-painters practising in miniature. He studied under Jeremiah Meyer, R.A., a miniature-painter of great renown, and one of the founders of our Royal Academy. Meyer was a native of Tübingen in the Duchy of Wirtemberg; but he practised in this country from the age of fourteen, when he became a student in the St. Martin's-lane Academy. He died in 1789.

After practising for some time with success, Mr. Collins obtained the honour of being appointed miniature-painter to His Majesty King George the Third, for whom, and for many of the royal family, he executed some of his best portraits. His works for several years were considered amongst the graphic gems of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; and his success was such, that for years living in the most respectable style, he was enabled about twenty years ago to retire to Pershore, Worcestershire, and there maintain himself and household with the elegant comforts of an English gentleman.

After a long residence amidst the enchanting scenery of the rural demesne which he had chosen, (as his friends and himself supposed,) for the remainder of life,—about three years since he quitted his envied retreat, and, to the surprise as well as delight of his few surviving friends, he appeared again—a resident amongst them, having taken a house in the immediate vicinity of the Regent's Park. "I am come," said Mr. Collins to the elder few of those who knew him in the spring of life, "to trifle away the remainder of my days near my old haunts, having tried to be pleased amidst woods and purling streams; but I find it will not do; I must breathe the air of intellect, even though mixed with metropolitan smoke." Mr. Collins, as I should opine, was at this epoch fast advancing to the octogenarian age.

One of the most pleasing real pictures of human life, was that which the writer of this and his daughter witnessed soon after the return of Mr. Collins to our modern Babylon.

It occurred—"tell it not in Gath"—on a Sunday: but in extenuation, be it known, it was during that period which, in our religious, moral, and most consistent age, forms that pious interregnum after the morning service, when churches are for two hours shut, and the gin-shops, lacking fifteen minutes of that period, are open.

We called at this opportune juncture at the house of Mr. T——, the patriarch of the British school: our names were announced, and we were bidden to the back drawing-room, where I had the gratification of seeing my esteemed old friend Mr. Collins seated at a table; and my still more ancient friend waiting upon him, ministering to that ra-

tional delight which enlightens the inward man with pristine cheerfulness. Thus the chambers of the mind still remain well furnished,—all elegance, and in good order, though the outside of the mansion, venerable to behold, exhibits symptoms of decay.

The occupation of these venerable worthies,—the guest nearly eighty, and the host upon the very brink of ninety,—was that of turning over folios of Rembrandt and Paul Potter, Adrian Van de Velde and Ostade, and other olden masters' etchings,—as forgetful of old age, as unconscious of its approach, as is youth itself; their entire souls absorbed in that delightful interest which enthusiastic students feel on their first peep into Nature's vast museum.

On our departure, my daughter's observation was only an anticipation of my own. "What an interesting picture of life is that we have now observed!" said she. "What a blessing is a well cultured mind! How manifest a proof of the superiority of the spirit to that of the material part! Here we have witnessed the mental enjoyment of two very aged persons, such as might be envied even by youth."

Some forty years ago, the superior practice in miniature-painting was divided amongst Cosway, Shelley, and Collins. Cosway perhaps was the most fashionable of the three. He was patronized by the then Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert; and his house in Pall-Mall, (that which had been previously inhabited by Jervas and Gainsborough,) was the rendezvous of all the *beau monde*. Cosway's career may be likened to the latter fortune of the limner who first pleased nobody and afterwards pleased everybody; for he had two models in his eye, namely those of Venus and Adonis, whose beauty he transferred to his sitters of each sex, with little or no reservation, even touching the wrinkles of age. No painter was ever so much lampooned and laughed at; but, laughing in turn, he drove on the limning trade with a success that proves,—that whom Folly determines to crown, Fortune cannot dethrone. It is due to his memory however to state, that his paintings were very exquisitely wrought, and that his pencil was superabounding in taste.

Shelley was not eminent for his knowledge of drawing: he was however a fine colourist. But the miniatures of Collins were estimable for all the sterling qualities which constitute genuine art.

SENEC.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Engravings from the Pictures of the National Gallery.*

THIS speculation is formed by an Association of Engravers, who,—“persuaded that collectively,” to speak in the language of the Address, “they could enter into professional arrangements with advantage to their art and to the public, which individually they could not accomplish,—for this purpose have formed themselves into an Association :” and the first part of their meritorious undertaking is now before us, containing four plates ; viz. :—

1. Portrait of Govartius, by G. T. Doo, after Vandyke ; 2. An Italian Sea-port, by Edward Goodall, after Claude ; 3. The Village Festival, by W. Finden, after Wilkie ; 4. The Adoration of the Shepherds, by J. Burnet, after Rembrandt.

Here we may not only find opportunity for disquisition on the merits of the various painters, but also of the styles and peculiarities of the different engravers. Of the excellence and beauty of the ‘Govartius’ all must now be well aware ;—all must acknowledge it to be almost without exception the finest specimen of the painting of a single head known. In it are concentrated all the elements of fine painting, breadth and purity of colour with the least quantity of shade ;—its exquisite marking-in of individuality and vigorous masterly handling proclaim the artist as an inspired genius. It is truly made out more by colour than by shade : to embody these various points of excellence, it is requisite that the engraver should not only be a perfect master in the executive part of his art, but that he should also be gifted with a perception to distinguish all the gradations of tone in the flesh tints of the face, the variety of minute parts, and the effect of the whole ;—all of which points we are sorry to say Mr. Doo has failed to preserve in his engraving. The execution of the mere engraving of the lines displays great ability ; but this is a minor consideration when we have to judge how far the copy is like the original. A peculiar feature in the ‘Govartius’ when viewing it, is its brilliant and clear effect, glowing with the pure pearly tone which is to be found in nature. But this is lost in the engraving, and especially the grand expansive forehead ; the focus of its light is obscured, it fails to strike the eye, and the whole head is wanting in clearness, arising from the lightness of the back-ground, which though not dark in the original is of a more subdued tone than what Mr. Doo has given. The drapery is boldly lined, and looks well ; but

it is not sufficiently connected with the ruffle around the neck, which gives it a cut-out appearance. The eye most in shade (the right) is smaller than the other, which of course materially lessens its likeness, and the lower lip is too thick. Mr. Doo is a young engraver, and even with all its faults this head gives considerable promise of future powers. His 'Dutch Girl,' after Newton, is clever and masterly engraved, though rather black in the shadows.

2. Much certainly must be adjudged in favour to engravers, for the difficulties of their art; they have to depict in simple black and white, all the fine effect and brilliant colouring of painting: this many have done, and they unquestionably are men of real genius. Genius impelled Sharpe and Lowry to the pursuit, and Woollett entered *con amore* into the classic feeling of Wilson, and his genius gave richness and force to the flatness of West. In our days the mezzotinto of S. W. Reynolds will transmit to posterity the genius of his illustrious namesake; and Cousins, the portraits of Lawrence. Goodall is a name well known as an engraver, and if he gains no extraordinary meed of praise for this engraving after Claude, he certainly has not decreased his reputation; correct in every minute detail, in the perspective and drawing, it is cold in effect; it is not the sunset of Claude, of that one too which is the warmest in the Gallery; indeed, in our opinion, the engravings have been spoiled by being too highly worked up and finished to insipidity.

3. The third on the list is the 'Village Festival' of Wilkie, by Finden. In this painting, although Wilkie has admitted more of decided colour and brilliancy of light than is customary with him, still Finden has gone beyond even the painter in these respects,—we refer to the centre group, of the wife entreating the intoxicated bumpkin to leave the scene of carousal,—but it serves to give great brilliancy and lightness to the engraving. The group on the balcony high on the left, as well as the sky, which is exquisitely worked up, is clear and sparkling, and full of the bustle and animation of the original.

4. Doo should have grappled with Rembrandt's "prodigies of deformity"\* , rather than the delicacy of Vandyke, and we are sure he would have come off with more éclat. Burnet, the able author of *Light and Shade*, and *Colouring in Painting*, has studied his forte, and fixed upon that master's work more allied to his own style: thus we have vividly brought before us the magical chiar'-oscuro and unrefined poetry of imagination of him who, Fuseli said, had forged the keys to the Temple of Fame and let himself in. Burnet has completely succeeded in pre-

\* Fuseli's Aphorisms, vol. iii.

serving, to the minutest degree, the effect of the original. As a work of art on copper, one would prefer it to the others,—he has so thoroughly felt the beauties of his original; thus demonstrating that engraving is not a mere dry detail of copying a picture, and that it is not more necessary for a painter to *feel* his subject, than the engraver to experience the like sensations.

This work is put forth as an undertaking of the highest order, and the style of its execution certainly surpasses anything of the kind before attempted, not even excepting Boydell's Shakspeare, so far as the engraving is concerned; and with these high claims to notice, it is our duty to meet it with equally high feelings of impartial opinion. It is only in the execution and patronage of such undertakings as these that the art of engraving can be properly cultivated, and the professors of it thoroughly appreciated and rewarded; and not by the prostitution of their time and abilities to the engraving of such minute works as are too much the fashion of the present day.

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*Chelsea Pensioners reading the London Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo.* Painted by D. Wilkie, R.A. Engraved by J. Burnet.

We recollect the delight with which this painting was viewed by every one on its exhibition at the Royal Academy, and again at the British Institution. Its great claim to popularity arises not more on its intrinsic excellences as a work of art, than as a choice of subject so peculiarly fitting to meet with sympathetic admiration from every Englishman. Here is nature such as every one may have met with, concentrated on canvas, only on a diminished scale. The very absence of any straining at effect, its perfect abundance of individual characters, from the excited feelings of the soldier to the narrow-minded money-turning Hebrew, whose passions are proof to excitement,—combine to form this one of the most finished masterly productions of British Art, that may proudly challenge comparison with any similar style existing. The popularity of the picture is such, that to describe it is needless, as every one will see it, if not purchase it; and as to the engraving, it is perfect, rich, sparkling, and racy, and must be particularly gratifying to the painter. We trust that the Duke of Wellington, the possessor of the original, will, with that becoming regard which he has always shown to the interests of the Arts, yet some day give it to the nation.

*The Earl of Aberdeen.* Painted by Sir T. Lawrence. Engraved by S. Cousins.

Here we have as much of the genius of the engraver as of the painter. This is one of those unfinished pictures exhibited at the Academy the year after Lawrence's death. What he left incomplete the engraver has filled up; Cousins has given it a richness and depth of tone (excepting in the face) not to be met with in the original. But the face has all the faults of the painter,—hard, and cut up, and wanting in breadth. Lawrence spoilt most of his male heads by giving them his eternal smile, no matter who and what the character of his subject; and thus the intellectually shrewd and subtle expression of the Earl of Aberdeen is lowered by an “immoveable simper.”

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*Halfpenny's Gothic Ornaments in the Cathedral Church of York, &c.*  
A new Edition from the Original Plates.

Much as we deprecate exclusive attention to detail and individual features,—to the detriment, as it frequently happens, of general composition and effect,—equally do we deprecate the contrary error, of neglecting that which, although subordinate in itself, is of essential importance in whatever claims to be considered as a production of Art. A fine idea slovenly or carelessly executed, is so far from exciting pleasure, that it often creates more dissatisfaction than what is uniformly poor throughout; inasmuch as we are disagreeably reminded that for want of due attention to apparently little things, the whole becomes scarcely better than an untimely abortion, or at the most a mere sketch capable of being worked up into beauty.

Beauty of detail is to architecture, what *finish* is to painting,—what the elegancies of style are to literary composition,—what the graces of expression are to poetry. Mere beauty of language and imagery, however exquisite in itself, will not indeed atone for the absence of higher qualities, yet it will serve to render them still more attractive and impressive. So likewise in architecture, beauty of detail is indispensable to general beauty of composition. That there may here and there be exceptions to this rule, we do not take upon ourselves positively to deny; but it will almost invariably be found that the most intellectual productions of art, be the particular art what it may, recommend themselves by superior felicity and carefulness of execution, and by those minor touches which are overlooked only because they are present, but of whose value we should be rendered very painfully sensible were they



expunged. The greatest poets and artists are as eminent for the felicitous expression of their ideas, as for the energy displayed in the conception of them. Even if their productions do not exactly "smell of the lamp," or indicate to the superficial observer any of the elaboration of study, they evince that intense affection for their subject, which assures us that they neglected no means of maturing it to excellence.

It is a fatal mistake in art, to suppose that a sedulous attention to minutiae is incompatible with genius, or derogatory to its powers. It is the evasive excuse of indolence—the self-delusion of the inefficient pretender. Such negligence of the means ought, in most cases, rather to be attributed to infirmity of purpose and actual want of power, than to energy of imagination. Trifling inaccuracies and blemishes may, indeed, be tolerated in a work where beauties of a higher order preponderate; still in themselves they are blemishes, although they co-exist with genius. If any one, on the contrary, questions the co-existence of sublime genius with patient labour, the exquisite beauties of detail in *Paradise Lost* may convince him of the possibility of such a union in poetry,—in architecture his scepticism may be removed by a perusal of York Cathedral.

As the mention of that glorious structure has reminded us of the work which has given rise to the above remarks, we shall here check our truant pen, and confine ourselves to the notice of this new edition of it. Many of our readers, perhaps, have been long ago acquainted with it; yet although they do not need any testimony of ours as to its merits, they will, we trust, confirm our report of them. Most fortunately these delineations have not acquired that painful value they would have possessed, had the whole of the august pile from which they are taken been destroyed by that atrocious act of incendiarism in 1829, of which a brief account is very suitably subjoined to the volume. Their intrinsic value, however, cannot be disputed, both as they render us acquainted with numerous beauties whose situations preclude that minute inspection they so well deserve, and as a series of very useful and satisfactory studies in this beautiful style of architecture. Although etching is not the most suitable mode of execution for such subjects, except where vigorous boldness of effect rather than finish is aimed at, these plates combine,—with somewhat of wiryness of surface, it must be allowed,—both accuracy and neatness. They are undoubtedly superior to almost everything of the kind of an earlier date, especially those which represent some of the pieces of ornamental sculpture; and are full of character, and marked with great spirit. The views of the Choir and other parts of the interior are by no means equal to the other

engravings, being comparatively tame and insipid, and with very little pretension to pictorial beauty. This, however, is the less to be regretted, as their deficiency is amply supplied by the tasteful and far more faithful drawings of the various parts of the structure in Britton's History of this Cathedral; and a comparison, in this respect, between the Views in the two works, will suffice to show the extraordinary progress made in the art of architectural drawing within the course of about half a century.

We cannot forbear remarking that the design of the engraved title-page is so paltry, that we might almost doubt whether Halfpenny really understood the beauties he has here illustrated, and, we will add, illustrated with so much taste and ability.

*Beauties of the Court of King Charles II.* Part 4. Colburn and Bentley.  
—*Illustrations of Don Quixote*, by Zeidler. Part 2. Leggatt and Co., and Tilt.

Having already expressed our commendation of the former parts of these works, we may be excused at present adding more than the observation, that the Numbers before us maintain the same degree of excellence, and will be found as deserving of patronage. Of the former, the next Part will complete the work, when the only objection we have to it will be obviated,—that of giving the Portrait in one Number and the Memoir in another. Many purchasers might wish for some private reason to take one, who would not incur the expense of the whole; and the best policy, perhaps, would be on the side of the suggestion we make, as those persons might be then induced to continue their purchases, from the disinclination to possess an incomplete work.

*Retreat of a Baggage-Waggon at the Battle of Naseby.* Moon, Boys, and Graves.

This is a clever and spirited etching, by H. Melling, from an original design. In a composition of this size and nature, it is no easy task to give the expression of feature suited to the subject; but in the present instance this is done very successfully in several of the figures.

Battle subjects, however, are seldom calculated to excite our predilection; and though this is free from many of the objections we could urge, still it is not entitled to unqualified admiration. The figure in the fore-ground should have been placed less obtrusively, and that supposed to be behind the driver of the waggon should have been more

developed, as at present the driver looks as if he had three arms. Nor is the display of so many uplifted swords very graceful; and if the fore-ground had been more filled up with arms and accoutrements thrown down in the retreat, the picture would have been more complete and more in character.

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*Friendship's Offering for 1832.* Smith, Elder, and Co.—*The Comic Offering for 1832.* Smith, Elder, and Co.

Of the former of these "Annuals" we have long been decided admirers. There was a strength of tone in the literary articles which formed a favourable contrast to most of its brethren. The former race of Annuals were the veriest compounds of Cockneyism that could have been conceived to bring the craft into disrepute. We are glad to see by the announcements that a better series is about to be given to the world. In the preface the Editor has stated that his ambition is, "to produce not a certain number of unconnected annual books, but a uniform work in a series of consecutive volumes, distinguished, so far as such very miscellaneous materials will permit, by characteristic features, and by a natural and unexaggerated tone of sentiment." In this very praiseworthy resolution, we have accordingly not a number of mediocre articles by authors where the name is the principal recommendation, but some of very superior merit which are anonymous, and others by authors of established reputation. The 'Substitute' and 'The Churchyard Watch', by the author of the O'Hara Tales, are written in his usual style; and 'The Orphan', by the Hon. Mrs. Norton; and the 'Legend of Glencoe,' by the author of the Kuzzilbash, are very powerfully told. 'The Artist' of course first excited our curiosity, which was not ungratified, though we found but a short poem on the old subject of neglected genius. From this we quote the following:—

"Spite of opposing Fortune's hard controul,  
The love of beauty fill'd Lorenzo's soul;  
The varied hues of ocean, earth, and sky,  
Awoke to rapture his discerning eye.  
He view'd creation's wonders, great and small,  
And his fine sense exulted in them all;  
Yet saw he not, nor ever lived to see,  
'Mid affluent Nature's fair variety,  
Aught that could equal the transcendent grace  
Which glorified his spirit's sacred place;  
Which made e'en woman's noontide lustre dim,  
Dazzling, indeed, but disappointing him.

With quivering lip and frequent-waving hand  
 The son of genius left his native land.  
 We parted as the youthful only part,  
 Prospective joy assuaging sorrow's smart;  
 Trusting our treasure to life's restless main,  
 Assured 't would reach us multiplied again.

The swallow-bird meridian went and came,  
 And yet no tidings of the artist's fame.  
 Rarely he wrote, and then remember'd not  
 One whom he vow'd should never be forgot.  
 I deem'd it strange—unkind; but mellowing age  
 Brought the oblivion of a wider stage—  
 Withdrew me from the home-scene of my race,  
 To feel the chill of London's vast embrace.

Within a picture-gallery I stood,  
 Where rival pencils lured the multitude.  
 'Mong vulgar daubs exposed to shameless glare,  
 One master-painting hung obscurely there:  
 I gazed, and gazed—receded—paused to see  
 If on its merits any thought with me.  
 Apart from the dull throng that saunter'd by,  
 A man regarded it with feverish eye,  
 And then, as though he observation fear'd,  
 Heav'd a deep sigh, and instant disappear'd.  
 It was Lorenzo!—ah! how sadly changed  
 From him whose free foot o'er the mountain ranged!  
 Smote by despondency—perhaps despair—  
 Clogg'd was his gait, his visage worn by care;  
 Better he still had trod his Northern heath  
 Than bear from softer climes a cypress wreath."

The engravings, however, may be supposed to be more within our province, and they are equally deserving of commendation. The first is a portrait of 'Lady Carrington,' by Sir T. Lawrence, which excited so much notice (as Miss Capel) at the exhibition of the late President's pictures; being, we understand, the last female portrait painted by him. It is engraved by Rolls, in a very clear and distinct manner. Of the other pictures, with the exception of Corbould's 'Grecian Mother,' we must say, that the engravers might have had subjects more worthy of their talents. Mr. Dean has successfully given the character of Mr. Wood's style of painting, whose 'Myrrhina and Myrto' is very clever in composition. 'Expectation' reminds us too much of Mr. Parris's 'Bridesmaid,' and the posture of the feet, where there is the only difference, is extremely awkward. The 'Dismal Tale' by Shenton, after Stothard, is good; and so would be 'The Palace' and 'The Embarkation,' were they not mere repetitions of what we see in every exhibition. 'The Poet's Dream' has the painter's usual faults and

merits, as also has 'The Prediction' by Johannot, those of the French school. 'The Fairy of the Lake,' which has been noticed by the Editor in commendatory terms, we do not understand, even with the aid of the fanciful verses attached to them, and therefore cannot accede to the praise bestowed on it; though we have no doubt that Finden has done it due justice in the engraving. Mr. Richter, we fear, must confine his talents to such subjects as 'The School in an Uproar,' by which he has been made so favourably known to the public, and which is one of the most popular of modern prints.

*The Comic Offering* is illustrated with seventy cuts, all possessed of considerable humour, in addition to the literary attractions. Of the latter, 'Some Passages in the Life of Timothy Blushmore, Esq.' are very cleverly told. The speech at the dinner party and the scene in the Court are exceedingly ludicrous. 'The Man who carried his own Bundle' is also very amusing; and upon the whole we do not know a better work to recommend to such of our readers as are desirous of making an acceptable present to their friends at the approaching season of festivity.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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*Royal Academy.*—A Council is appointed for the 2nd instant, to elect a Member (in the room of the late J. Jackson, Esq.), and an Associate. The vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Northcote, we understand, will not be filled up until February.

*On Gothic Architecture.*—Mr. Pugin has been making a professional excursion in Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire, collecting various subjects of our early domestic architecture for the second volume of his 'Examples.' Of that noble and sumptuous pile, Thornbury Castle, he has made drawings of nearly all the parts now extant, and has thereby preserved for the architect and antiquary some of the most beautiful and singular features of the domestic style of the 15th century. The oriels are of very splendid design, and many of the other windows exhibit an extraordinary degree of elegance, at the same time that their outline and proportions strongly recommend them to modern imitation,

they being square-headed, of lofty upright forms, and of strikingly decorative character.

Thornbury, in fact, is an invaluable monument of its style and age, and affords some of the finest documents that can be desired. These will fortunately now be perpetuated for our instruction and admiration. Mr. Pugin has also visited Ragland Castle, which has furnished him with many interesting specimens; and altogether the fruits of this tour will enrich his publication with a number of very beautiful authorities both for exterior and interior embellishment.

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*Architectural Notices.*—The church of St. Michael at Fürth, Bavaria, which has lately been renovated and decorated under the direction of M. Reindel of Nuremberg, has among other embellishments been adorned with a very fine altar in the Gothic style. Above the communion table is a large canopied niche containing a statue of our Saviour as large as life, executed by Wilhelm Braun of Stuttgart. Above this rises a perforated frontispiece of most elaborate and delicate workmanship, and on each side are compartments crowned by gables enriched with foliage and lilies, and by pinnacles. The height of this altar is thirty-two feet, and altogether it recalls to mind the wonders of German art in its most flourishing periods.

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On Saturday 15th October, the ceremony of consecrating the chapel of St. James, Enfield, was performed by the Bishop of London, according to the prescribed form. The style of the building is Gothic, of perpendicular character, with western tower, and turrets at the angles; and (except that it appears somewhat short in proportion to its width) the general effect is pleasing.

We are, however, inclined to question the orthodoxy of some parts in detail; the straight-sided canopy or acute-angled gable over the door, for instance, strikes us as being of too early a character, and we are unacquainted with the example of a window similar to those of the belfry. It is a matter of regret, that while our modern architects would at once exclaim against the absurdity of mingling the Parthenon with the Erechtheon, the Pandroseum with the monument of Lysicrates, they are not equally scrupulous of amalgamating the Temple Church and Henry VIIIth's Chapel, Westminster Hall and the nave of the Abbey: a circumstance to which may be attributed the many pseudo (or rather perhaps *veritable*) Gothic productions of the present day.

CATALOGUES OF PICTURES EXHIBITED AT THE ROOMS OF  
THE ROYAL ACADEMY\*.

FIRST EXHIBITION, 1769.

Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.—*Virg.*

*John Bacon*.—1. Portrait of His Majesty (a medallion). 2. Bacchanalians (a model).

*John Baker, R.A.*—3. A piece of Flowers. 4. Its companion.

*George Barrett, R.A.*—5. A view in Penton Lynn, on the river Liddle, running through Canonby, in the county of Dumfries, three miles south-east of the first turnpike, on the new road from Carlisle, through the Duke of Buccleugh's estate, to Edinburgh. 6. Part of Melross Abbey on the river Tweed, by moonlight, belonging to His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh.

*Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A.*—7. Cupid and Psyche (in crayons). 8. Clitia (a drawing), from a picture of Annibale Carracci.

*Agostino Carlini, R.A.*—9. A Model of an Equestrian Statue of the King.

*Charles Catton, R.A.*—10. Tigers reposing.

*Mason Chamberlain, R.A.*—11. Portrait of a Gentleman (half length). 12. Ditto (three quarters). 13. Ditto (ditto). 14. Ditto (ditto).

*William Chambers, R.A.* (Comptroller General of the Works to the King, Architect to the Queen and to Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, and Treasurer of the Royal Academy). 15. Elevation and Plan of a Hunting Casine, belonging to the Right Honourable the Earl of Charlemont, in Ireland. 16. Ceiling of Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh's Dressing-room in Grosvenor-square. 17. Ceiling of the Right Honourable the Countess Gower's Dressing-room at Whitehall. 18. Elevation of one of the Flanks of a Royal Palace.

*J. Baptist Cipriani, R.A.*—19. Cephalus and Procris. 20. The Annunciation.

*Thomas Clark*.—21. A Portrait (in oil).

*Francis Cotes, R.A.*—22. A Portrait of a Lady (whole length). 23. Ditto of a young Gentleman. 24. Ditto of a Lady (half length). 25. Ditto of a Gentleman. 26. Ditto of a Lady and Gentleman at Chess. 27. A Portrait (in crayons) of His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester. 28. A young Lady (in crayons) in the character of Hebe.

*Samuel Cotes*.—29. A Portrait (in miniature) of Mrs. Yates in the character of Electra.

\* *Advertisement*.—As the present exhibition is a part of the Institution of an Academy supported by Royal munificence, the Public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense.

The Academicians therefore think it necessary to declare, that this was very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittances, to prevent the room from being filled by improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended.



**Nathaniel Dance, R.A.**—30. The King (whole length). 31. The Queen (ditto). 32. Ditto of a Gentleman (half length). 33. Ditto of a Bishop. 34. Ditto of a Gentleman (three quarters).

**Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.**—35. A Portrait of a Lady (whole length). 36. Ditto of a Gentleman. 37. A large Landscape. 38. A Boy's Head.

**Edmund Garvy.**—39. A View of Rome. 40. A Waterfall near Chamberi in Savoy. 41. A View from Piercefield, the Seat of Val. Morris, Esq. 42. Another View of the same place. 43. A View of Tinton Abbey in Wales (water-colours). 44. A Waterfall in the Alps (ditto).

**S. H. Grimm.**—45. The Death of Priam (a drawing). 46. The Feast of Centauro (ditto). 47. A Composition of different Antique Buildings taken from nature (a coloured drawing). 48. The Castle at Canterbury, with St. Mildred's Church (ditto).

**John Gwynn, R.A.**—49. An Architectonic Drawing, designed for the alteration of an old Room in Shropshire.

**Francis Hayman, R.A.**—Two Scenes in Don Quixote, viz.: 50. The Dispute with the Barber upon Mambrino's Helmet. 51. Meeting Cardenio in the Black Mountain.

**Nathaniel Hone, R.A.**—52. A small whole length. 53. A Portrait of a Clergyman (three quarters). 54. Ditto of a young Gentleman. 55. A Candle-light. 56. A Piping Boy. 57. A Portrait (in enamel).

**William James.**—The Remains of some ancient Egyptian Temples, as they are now standing in and about Thebes in Upper Egypt, viz.: 58. A side View of the Great Temple of Osiris at Carnack, to which there were avenues of Sphynxes half a mile in length, adorned with triumphal arches: on the right hand is a Portico of a Temple at Amara. 59. The Temple of Osmanduas at Luxor. 60. The Temple of Isis at the Isle Ell Hief, a little above the first Cataract of the Nile: on the right hand is a small Temple called the Temple of the Hawk, because Isis was there worshiped under that symbol.

**Angelica Kauffman, R.A.**—61. The Interview of Hector and Andromache. 62. Achilles discovered by Ulysses amongst the attendants of Deidamia. 63. Venus showing Æneas and Achates the way to Carthage. 64. Penelope taking down the Bow of Ulysses for the trial of her woers.

**Elias Martin.**—65. A View of Westminster Bridge, with the King of Denmark's Procession by Water, taken from Mr. Searl's Timber-yard. 66. A Landscape with Figures and Cattle. 67. A View in Sweden (a drawing). 68. A Watchman sleeping (ditto).

**Jeremiah Meyer, R.A.** (Painter in Enamel and Miniature to the King). —69. A Portrait (in enamel) of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 70. A Portrait (in enamel) of His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Bishop of Osnaburg.

**George Michael Moser, R.A. Keeper R.A.**—An Impression of a Bas relief from a Chasing in Gold. 72. Ditto.

**Mary Moser, R.A.**—73. A Flower-piece (in oil). 74. Ditto (in water-colours).

- F. Milner Newton*, R.A. Sec. R.A.—75. A Portrait of a Lady.
- Samuel Euclid Oliver*.—76. A Portrait of a Nobleman (a model in wax).
- William Pars*.—77. An Arch at Mylassa, in Asia Minor. 78. A Ruin at Troas, in Asia Minor. 79. The Propylia, or Entrance of the Acropolis at Athens. 80. The Castalian Spring at Delphi. 81. A Temple in the Island Ægina. 82. The Cave of Archidamus near Athens. 83. Miletus with the Ferry over the Meander.
- John Paxton*.—84. A Portrait of a Gentleman (small whole length). 85. A Boy in the character of Cupid. 86. A Girl playing on a Sistrum.
- Edward Penny*, R.A. (Professor of Painting).—87.
- “ I saw a Smith stand with his hammer thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallow a taylor’s news.”—*Shakespear’s King John*.
- Mat. William Peters*.—88. A Portrait of a Lady (a drawing).
- Sir Joshua Reynolds*, P. R.A.—89. A Portrait of a Lady and her Son (whole lengths) in the character of Diana disarming Love. 90. A Portrait of a Lady in the character of Juno receiving the Cestus from Venus. 91. Portraits of two Ladies (half lengths). Et in Arcadio Ego. 92. Hope nursing Love.
- John Richards*, R.A.—93. A View of a Cascade at Hestercombe, in Somersetshire, the seat of C. W. Bamfylde, Esq. 94. A Landscape and Figures. 95. Ditto.
- Michael Angelo Rooker*.—96. A View of Liverpool (stained drawing). 97. A View of Liverpool across the river Mersey (ditto).
- John Russell*.—98. The Portraits of Micoc, and her son Footac, Esquimeaux Indians, brought over by Commodore Falliser.
- Thomas Sandby*, R.A. (Professor of Architecture).—99. A Design in Architecture. 100. Ditto.
- Paul Sandby*, R.A.—101. A View of Roch Abbey. 102. A Bonfire. 103. A View of the Old Abbey Gate at Reading. 104. A View of ditto.
- J. Scouler*.—105. Portrait of a Turk (in miniature).
- Dominick Serres*, R.A.—106. A View of the Gun Wharf at Portsmouth. 107. The Siege of Fort Royal at Martinique. 108. An English Man of War chasing a French Chebeck into a neutral port. 109. A Ship of the Line and a Frigate going upon a cruise in the Mediterranean, with a view of Gibraltar at a distance. 110. A View of a ruined Abbey by Moonlight.
- James Tassie*.—111. Two Portraits (models).
- William Tompkins*.—112. A View of Roehampton, the seat of the Earl of Besborough. 113. A View of Bolderwood Lodge, in the New Forest, Hampshire, belonging to the Earl of Delawar. 114. A View of Belvena, in the county of Bamffshire, the seat of the Earl of Fife.
- Peter Toms*, R.A.—115. An Allegorical Picture.
- William Tyler*, R.A.—116. (A marble bas relief), an Indian, representing North America offering the produce of that country to Britannia.
- Samuel Wale*, R.A. (Professor of Perspective).—117. Saint Austin preaching

Christianity to King Ethelbert and Queen Bertha, in the Island of Thanet (a sketch). 118. The Queen Dowager of King Edward in the Sanctuary, delivering up the Duke of York to the Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Thomas Watson*.—119. A Drawing after a picture of Rembrandt.

*Benjamin West*, R.A.—120. The departure of Regulus from Rome. 121. *Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis*.

*Richard Wilson*, R.A.—122. A Landscape. 123. Its Companion. 124. A Landscape.

*Joseph Wilton*, R.A.—125. A Marble Bust of a Lady.

*Richard Yeo*, R.A., (Chief Engraver of His Majesty's Mint).—126. A Cast in Plaster from a Seal engraved in Steel, for the Right Honourable the Marquis of Granby, Master General of His Majesty's Ordnance. 127. Three Impressions in Sealing-wax, viz.: the Heads of King George the Second, and Sir Isaac Newton, engraved on Cornelians, and a young Hercules on an Amethyst.

*Francesco Zuccarelli*, R.A.—128. A Landscape and Figures (half lengths). 129. Ditto (ditto).

*Honorary Members.*

130. Portrait of a Young Lady (in crayons), *by a Lady*. 131. A Landscape (a drawing), *by a Lady*. 132. The Falls of Niagara (a drawing), *by Captain Hamilton of the 15th Regiment*. 133. A View of Cliefden from the Meadows, *from Theodosius Forrest, Esq.* 134. Riding Gate, Canterbury, *by Captain Francis Grosse*. 135. Croydon Church, *by ditto*. 136. A Courier François, *by a young Gentleman*.

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SECOND EXHIBITION, 1770.

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*Et vires acquirit eundo.—Virg.*

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*John Bacon*.—1. A Bas Relief of the Good Samaritan (a model).

*John Baker*, R.A.—2. A piece of Flowers.

*Thomas Banks*.—3. *Æneas and Anchises escaping from Troy* (a model). 4. The same subject in another point of time.

*Christopher Barber*.—5. A Portrait of a Lady (a miniature in oil). 6. Ditto, a Head (ditto).

*George Barrett*, R.A.—7. A View of His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh's Park, Dalkeith, with part of one of the wings of Dalkeith House. 8. A Bull. 9. A Study from Nature on the lake at Ullswater in Cumberland.

*J. Barralet*.—10. A Storm (a drawing). 11. A Sunset (ditto). 12. Ruins (ditto).

*Francesco Bartolozzi*, R.A.—13. A Print of the Head Piece to the Diploma. † 13. A Venus (a drawing).

*Henry Benbridge*.—14. A Portrait of a Gentleman (half length). 15. Ditto (ditto).

- Jacob Bonneau*.—16. St. John (a drawing).
- Charles Brandoine*.—17. A View taken from the corner of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea (a stained drawing).
- William Brown*.—18. A frame with impressions, viz.: No. 1. A Portrait. 2. Andromache with Hector's helmet. 3. Hercules after strangling the Nemean Lion. 4. The Goddess of Health making a sacrifice to Esculapius. 5. Portrait of a Horse.
- Peter Brown*.—19. An old Head from the life.
- Edward Burch*.—20. A young Hercules in wax (an Academy model). 21. The Three Graces, and four Academy Studies. 22. A Sulphur Cast, from a gem.
- Thomas Callard*.—23. A View of Bagnal Paper Mill, near Newbury. 24. A ditto near ditto.
- E. Francis Calze*.—25. A Portrait of a Gentleman (in crayons). 25. Ditto of a Lady (ditto).
- P. C. Canot* (Associate Engraver).—27. The Burning the Prudent, and Towing off the Bienfaisant in Louisborough Harbour, the 26th July 1758, engraved from a picture painted by Mr. Paton.
- Agostino Carlini*.—28. An Emblematical Figure, representing Maritime Power and Riches (a sketch in wax).
- Adrien Carpentiers*.—29. The Portrait of a Lady (three quarters).
- Charles Catton, R.A.*—30. A Lion and an Antelope. 31. A View of the Sandpits near Blackheath. 32. Ditto, its companion.
- Mason Chamberlain, R.A.*—33. A Portrait of a Gentleman (half length). 34. Ditto, ditto (kitcat). 35. Ditto of a Young Lady (ditto).
- William Chambers, R.A., Treasurer*.—36. Plan and Elevation of a Villa near London, for a person of distinction. 37. A Section of Earl Gower's Stair case at Whitehall. 38. A Ceiling at Woodburn Abbey. 39. Various Vases, &c. to be executed in or-moulu by Mr. Bolton for Their Majesties.
- G. B. Cipriani, R.A.*—40. The Rape of Dejanira. 41. The Design for the Head-piece of the Diploma given by His Majesty to the Academicians (a drawing).
- Thomas Clarke*.—42. Portrait of an Artist (half length).
- John Clevely, Jun.*—43. A View on the river Thames off Deptford (a drawing). 44. A Calm (ditto). 45. A Fresh Breeze, its companion (ditto).
- Joseph Cole*.—A piece of Flowers.
- Richard Cosway*.—47. A Portrait of an Officer (whole length). 48. A Portrait in the character of Minerva. 49. The Portraits of a Gentleman, his Wife, and Sister, in the character of Fortitude introducing Hope as the companion to Distress.
- Francis Cotes, R.A.*—50. A Portrait of a Lady (whole length). 51. Ditto of a Gentleman (ditto). 52. Ditto (ditto). 53. A Portrait of a Lady (half length). 54. Ditto (an oval). 55. Ditto (three quarters). 56. A Portrait of a Gentleman (ditto). 57. Ditto (ditto). 58. A Portrait of His

- Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland (in crayons). 59. A Portrait of a Lady (ditto). 60. Ditto (ditto).
- Samuel Cotes*.—61. Five Portraits (in miniature).
- Robert Crons*.—62. A Morning Scene (a landscape). 63. Ditto an Evening, its companion. 64. Two Landscapes (drawings).
- Richard Crosse*.—65. A Portrait (in miniature) of a Lady playing on the Guitar.
- Nathaniel Dance, R.A.*—66. A Portrait of a Lady in the character of Flora, (whole length). 67. Ditto of a Gentleman (three quarters). 68. The Interview between Helen and Paris, after his combat with Menelaus, as described in the Iliad. 69. A Conversation.
- George Dance, R.A.*—70. A Section of a Royal Gallery for Sculpture. 71. Plan of ditto.
- William Don*.—72. A Design for the front to Cork Hill, of the Royal Exchange at Dublin. 73. Another for the front to Parliament-street.
- Bernard Downes*.—74. A Portrait of a Lady (kitcat).
- John Downman*.—75. A Portrait of a Lady at work (kitcat).
- William Dufour*.—76. Flowers (a model).
- John Eckstein*.—77. A Family Piece in coloured wax (models). 78. Three Portraits in ditto (ditto). 79. A Landscape with Figures in ditto (ditto).
- John Flaxman*.—80. Portrait of a Gentleman (a model). 81. Ditto (ditto in wax). 82. A Figure of Neptune (ditto).
- Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.*—83. Portraits of a Lady and Child (whole lengths). 84. A ditto of a Gentleman (ditto). 85. Ditto of a young Gentleman (ditto). 86. Ditto of a Gentleman (three quarters). 87. Ditto (ditto). 88. A Landscape and Figures. 89. A Book of Drawings.
- Edmund Garvey*.—90. A South-west View of Oxford. 91. A View from the ground Chartreuse in Dauphiné. 92. A Ditto near Rivoli in the Alps (half length). 93. A Ditto near St. Michael's in ditto (kitcat).
- Charles Grignion*.—94. A Head (in oil).
- S. H. Grimm*.—95. The Representation of a Fair in Switzerland, with the Punishment of a Thief.
- John Gwynn, R.A.*—96. A Plan, Elevation, and Section of the Bridge to be built over the Severn at Worcester.
- Gavin Hamilton*.—97. The Heralds leading Briseis from the Tent of Achilles by the Order of Agamemnon. (Iliad, Book I.) 98. Agrippina weeping over the ashes of Germanicus.
- Francis Hayman, R.A.*—99. The Prodigal Son. 100. The Raising of Lazarus.
- John Hay*.—101. A Portrait of a Gentleman (three quarters). 102. Ditto (ditto). 103. Ditto of a Lady in miniature (ditto).
- William Hoare, R.A.*—104. The Portraits of two Children (in crayons). 105. A Portrait of a young Midshipman (whole length). 106. A View in the Gardens of Henry Hoare, Esq., at Stourhead, Wilts.
- Robert Home*.—107. A Portrait of a Young Lady (three quarters).

- Nathaniel Hone*, R.A.—108. Two Gentlemen in Masquerade. 109. A Portrait of the late Tripoli Ambassador.
- George James*.—110. A Portrait of a Lady and her two Sons (whole lengths). 111. Ditto of a Young Gentleman (ditto). 112. Ditto of a Gentleman (three quarters).
- William James*.—113. The Palace of Memnon at Medinet Habu, near Thebes, in the Upper Egypt. On the left hand is a Temple at Debonde, above the First Cataract of the Nile. 114. The Temple of Cous where the ancient Egyptians kept and worshiped their sacred Crocodiles. On the right hand is a small Temple at Elephantine, where they worshiped a Serpent called Knuphis.
- William Jones*.—115. Fruit, with a Monkey.
- Angelica Kauffman*, R.A.—116. Vortigern, King of Britain, enamoured with Rowena, at the Banquet of Hengist, the Saxon General. 117. Hector upbraiding Paris for his Retreat from Battle. 118. Cleopatra adorning the Tomb of Mark Antony. 119. Samma the Demoniac weeping over the ashes of his youngest son Benoni, whom he had killed in his frenzy, and St. John with the other Son, lamenting his distress. (Klopstock's Messiah, Eng. Transl. p. 50.)
- John Kitchingman*.—120. Mr. Powell in the Character of Cyrus (in miniature). 121. Mrs. Yates in the Character of Jane Shore (ditto).
- Mauritius Lowe*.—122. A Portrait (kitcat).
- Innocenzo Maraino*.—123. Two Designs for the Ceiling and Sides of a Saloon.
- Elias Martin*.—124. A Picture of the Royal Plaster Academy. 125. A View of Hanover-square. 126. A Sea-port. 127. A Ruin.
- Jeremiah Meyer*, R.A.—128. Two Portraits of Their Majesties (in enamel). 129. A Portrait of a Lady (in water-colours).
- G. Michael Moser*, R.A.—130. Three Models for the Premium Medals given annually to the Students:—I. The Reverse of the Silver Medal. II. The Reverse of the Gold Medal.
- Mary Moser*, R.A.—131. A piece of Flowers (in oil). 132. Ditto (in water-colours).
- George Mullins*.—133. A View from the Gothic Temple at Morina, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Charlemont, in Ireland, in which is introduced the Story of Diana and Actœon. 134. Three small Portrait Heads (in oil).
- F. Milner Newton*, R.A. Sec. R.A.—135. A Portrait of a Lady (half length). 136. Ditto of a Child.
- John Parker*.—137. A Landscape.
- William Pars*.—138. A View of the Great Temple of Minerva, built by Pericles, in the Citadel at Athens.
- John Parton*.—139. A Portrait of a Gentleman (small whole length). 140. Ditto (ditto). 141. Ditto kitcat (ditto).
- Edward Penny*, R.A. (Professor of Painting).—142. Imogen discovered in the Cave. (Cymbeline, act 3.)

- Mat. William Peters.*—143. A Girl making Lace.
- Biagio Rebecca.*—144. A Tablet (a chiaro oscuro).
- Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*—145. The Portraits of two Gentlemen (whole lengths). 146. Ditto of a Lady and Child (ditto). 147. A Portrait of a Child (whole length). 148. Ditto (half length). 149. The Children in the Wood. 150. A Portrait of a Gentleman (three quarters). 151. Ditto (ditto). 152. Ditto (ditto).
- John Richards, R.A.*—153. A Landscape and Figures. 154. A piece of Ruins. 155. A View of Oakhampton Castle in Devonshire.
- Michael Angelo Rooker.*—156. A View of Buildwas Priory in the county of Salop.
- Joseph Rose.*—157. A Bas-relief (a model).
- John Russell.*—158. A Portrait of a Lady (in crayons). 159. Ditto of a Gentleman (in oil), kitcat. 160. Ditto (small).
- Thomas Sandby, R.A.* (Professor of Architecture).—161. Elevation of a Country Seat, for a person of distinction.
- Paul Sandby, R.A.*—162. View near Blackheath. 163. Ditto of Charlton in Kent. 164. Ditto.
- James Scouler.*—165. A Portrait of a Lady (in miniature). 166. Ditto of a Gentleman (ditto).
- Dominick Serres, R.A.*—167. The Burning of the Town of Baserterre in the Island of Guadalo. 168. A View of the Cape of Good Hope, with a British Squadron returning from the East Indies. 169. A View of Gibraltar. 170. An Engagement by Moonlight. 171. A Sea-port. 172. A View of Hurst Castle in Hampshire.
- Francis Smith.*—173. A View of the Sea-port of Naples, with a small part of the Town, taken from the Strada Nova. 174. A View of an old Temple near Naples. 175. A View of Constantinople, representing the Grand Seigneur's Seraglio, with a great part of the City in Europe, the Town of Scudari, with its distances in Asia, and part of the Suburbs of Galata and Pera in the fore-ground: taken on the spot in 1764.
- Edward Stevens.*—176. Plans of the Basement Story and Principal Floor, designed for the Royal Exchange in the City of Dublin. 177. Elevation of the principal or North Front of ditto, situated to form a termination to Parliament-street. 178. Elevation of the West Front, to face Castle-street. 179. Plan and Elevation for a Colonnade Bridge, in the manner of the Arcade Bridge, on the River Nadir, in the Earl of Pembroke's Gardens at Wilton. 180. An Elevation for a Hunting Villa, designed for a particular situation near the Forest of Needwood in Staffordshire.
- James Tassie.*—181. Two Models in Paste. 182. Ditto.
- Robert Terry.*—183. Two small Landscapes. 184. Two Ditto.
- William Tompkins.*—185. View of Cullen in Bamffshire, the Seat of the Earl of Finlater. 186. View of Mount Edgumbe, taken from the west end of the new Rope-house, Plymouth Dock. 187. View of Plymouth Sound, taken from the same place. 188. Dead Game.



- Peter Toms, R.A.*—189. A Portrait (half length).  
*William Tyler, R.A.*—190. A Bust of a Clergyman (a model).  
*Lewis Vaselet, of York.*—191. A Portrait of a Lady and Child (in miniature)  
 192. Ditto of a Lady (ditto). 193. Ditto of an old Man (ditto).  
*Victor Vispre.*—194. A piece of Fruit (painted in oil upon glass). 195. Ditto,  
 its companion (ditto).  
*Samuel Wale, R.A. (Professor of Perspective).*—196. The Resurrection, a  
 design for an Altar-piece for a Gothic chapel (a washed drawing).  
*Benjamin West, R.A.*—197. Leonidas and Cleombrotus. 198. A Portrait of  
 a Mother and Child.  
*William Williams.*—199. A Landscape (an autumnal evening) with Fi-  
 gures: the hint taken from the Spectator, No. 425.  
*Richard Wilson, R.A.*—200. A Landscape, with Historical Figures. 201. Ci-  
 cero and his two Friends Atticus and Quintus at his Villa at Arpinum.  
 (Vide *Cic. de Leg.* lib. ii. p. 74.) 202. A View three miles from Rome.  
 203. A View on Hounslow Heath.  
*Joseph Willon, R.A.*—204. A Bust of a Gentleman (a model).  
*Peter Wingfield.*—205. A Miniature of a Lady.  
*R. Bateman Wray.*—206. Two Impressions in Wax.  
*James Wyatt.*—207. Front of the Pantheon in Oxford Road. 208. Longi-  
 tudinal Section of ditto. 209. Front View of one of the Angular Piers in  
 ditto.  
*Richard Yeo, R.A.*—210. A Proof in Gold of a Die for a Five-guinea piece.  
*Johan Zoffanij, R.A.*—211. The Royal Family. 212. The last Scene of the  
 2nd Act in the Alchymist. 213. A Portrait of a Young Gentleman (small  
 whole length).  
*Francesco Zuccarelli, R.A.*—214. St. John preaching in the Wilderness.  
 215. A Holy Family.  
*Anthony Zucchi.*—216. Ruins of a Monument at Sibaris, and Plato bewailing  
 the destruction of so magnificent a building. 217. The Wise Men's Of-  
 fering.

*Honorary Members.*

218. A Portrait of an Officer (in crayons), *by a Lady*. 219. A Tulip (in  
 needle-work), *by ditto*. 220. A View of Dover Castle and part of the  
 Town, *by G. Keate, Esq.* 221. A small Landscape, *by Miss Blakesley*.  
 222. Ditto, its companion, *by ditto*. 223. A Landscape (a drawing),  
*by a Lady*. 224. A Landscape (a drawing), taken from Nature, *by ditto*.  
 225. A Landscape (a drawing), *by G. Crawford, Esq.* 226. Ditto (in oil,  
 ditto), *by ditto*. 227. A View of Christchurch, Canterbury, *by Captain*  
*F. Grasse*. 228. Ditto of Newark Priory near Ripley, Surrey, *by ditto*.  
 229. A View from the Terrace of York Buildings, *by Thomas Forrest, Esq.*  
 230. A Moss Rose and a Butterfly (in water-colours), *by Mrs. Cawley*.  
 231. La Cuisine de la Poste, *by a Gentleman*. 232. A Heron and a Dog  
 (in needle-work), *by a Lady*. 233. A View in the Isle of Wight, *by a*  
*Gentleman*. 234. A Head (in needle-work), *by a Lady*.

*Omitted.*

*Charles Catton, R.A.*—235. Swans.

*C. B. Cipriani, R.A.*—236. The Fall of the Giants (a drawing).

*Thomas Clarke.*—237. A Portrait.

*Paul Sandby, R.A.*—238. Morning (water-colours). 239. Noon (ditto).  
240. Evening (ditto). 241. Night (ditto).

*Francis Zuccarelli, R.A.*—242. A Landscape and Figures. 243. Ditto.  
244. Ditto.

*Mr. Chitqua.*—245. A Portrait of a Gentleman (a model).

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 THIRD EXHIBITION, 1771.
 

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Sum ex iis, qui mirer antiquos; non tamen, ut quidam, temporum nostrorum ingenia despicio. Neque enim quasi laasa et effeta natura, ut nihil jam laudabile pariat.—*Plin. Jun. lib. vi. epist. 21.*

— *Allen.*—1. Pompey the Great, after his defeat, is accosted by Cratippus, who comforts him. 2. Cleopatra weeping over the ashes of Marc Antony.

*John Bacon (Associate)*—3. A Statue of Mars (a cast from an original model).

*John Baker, R.A.*—4. A Flower Piece.

*Thomas Banks.*—5. A Cherub decorating an Urn (a model). 6. A Head of a late Model to the Royal Academy (a drawing).

*Christopher Barber.*—7. A Portrait of a Gentleman (half length). 8. Ditto of a Lady (a miniature in oil).

*James Barralet.*—9. The Death of Agendecca, taken from the Third Book of Fingal. 10. The Death of Fainasolis, from ditto.

*George Barret, R.A.*—11. A View in the Duke of Buccleugh's Park at Dalkeith in Scotland.

*James Barry.*—12. Adam and Eve.

*Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A.*—13. Venus embracing Cupid (in crayons).

*Charles Brandoine.*—14. A Landscape (in water-colours).

*C. Brown.*—15. A Head of Achilles (a gem).

*Peter Brown.*—16. A Sunset, with Mare and Foals.

*William Brown.*—17. A Frame with Impressions, viz.: I. Jupiter and Leda. II. Hercules Farnese. III. A Head of Diana. IV. A Design for a Coat of Arms. V. Venus and Cupid (a gem). VI. A Figure of Neptune (ditto).

*John Brown (Associate Engraver).*—18. An Etching of Philip baptizing the Eunuch, after Both.

*Edward Burch (Associate).*—19. Neptune (a proof of a gem, cut in intaglio).  
20. A Portrait (modelled in wax).

- Thomas Callard*.—21. A View taken on the road between Limboursgh and the German Spa.
- Edward Francis Calze*.—22. A Portrait of a Lady (in crayons). 23. Ditto of a Gentleman (ditto). 24. Ditto (ditto).
- Peter Charles Canot* (Associate Engraver).—25. A Landscape, from Berghem (proof print). 26. A Sun-rising, from Claude Loraine (ditto).
- Agostino Carlini*, R.A.—27. A Model.
- Charles Catton*, R.A.—28. The filling up of Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park.
- John Cervoeng*.—29. A Landscape, a study from Nature.
- Thomas Chambers* (Associate Engraver).—30. The Martyrdom of St. Dorothy.
- Mason Chamberlin*, R.A.—31. The Portraits of Their Royal Highnesses Prince Edward and Princess Augusta (whole lengths). 32. A Portrait of a Gentleman (half length). Ditto of a young Lady (three quarters). 34. Ditto of a Gentleman (ditto).
- William Chambers* (Knight of the Polar Star), R.A.—35. A Chapel. 36. A Garden Gate. 37. A Monument in a Garden. 38. Plans of the above Buildings.
- J. B. Cipriani*, R.A.—39. The Muses. 40. Four Drawings.
- John Clevely, Jun.*—41. A View of a Ship-yard on the River Thames (a drawing). 42. A Yacht going to Holland, with a View of Helvoet Sluice (ditto).
- Joseph Cole*.—43. A piece of Flowers.
- Richard Cosway* (Associate).—44. A Lady and her Daughters, in the characters of Virtue and Beauty, directed by Wisdom to sacrifice at the Altar of Diana. 45. A Portrait of an Armenian. 46. Venus and Cupid (a study). 47. A Portrait of a Gentleman (in miniature).
- Samuel Cotes*.—48. Three Ladies (miniatures).
- Robert Crone*.—49. A Landscape. 50. Ditto, its companion. 51. Two Drawings.
- Richard Crosse*.—52. Three Miniatures.
- Nicholas Thomas Dall*.—53. A Landscape and Figures.
- Nathaniel Dance*, R.A.—54. Mr. Garrick in the Character of King Richard the Third, act v. (whole length). 55. A Portrait of a Gentlemen (ditto). 56. Ditto of a Lady and Children (ditto). 57. A Portrait of a Gentleman (half length). 58. Ditto of an Old Man (ditto). 59. Ditto of a Gentleman (three quarters).
- George Dance*, R.A.—60. The Garden-front of a House for a Gentleman in the Country.
- Robert Davy*.—A Portrait of a Gentleman (three quarters).
- Solomon Delane*.—63. A large Landscape. 64. Ditto.
- Mrs. Denham*.—65. A Portrait of a Young Lady (in miniature). 66. Ditto of General Paoli.
- Nathan Downer*.—66. A Portrait of a Turkish Jew.

- Bernard Downes*.—67. A Portrait of a Gentleman (three quarters).  
*Edward Edwards*.—68. The Angel appearing to Hagar and Ishmael. 69. A Portrait.  
*John Flaxman*.—70. Four Portraits (models in wax).  
*John Foldstone*.—71. Portraits of a Gentleman and his two Children. 72. Ditto of two Children.  
*James Forrester*.—73. A large Landscape.  
*Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.*—74. Portraits of a Lady and Child (whole length). 75. A Portrait of a Lady in a Fancied Dress (ditto). 76. Ditto of a Nobleman with a Horse (ditto). 77. Ditto of a Gentleman (ditto). 78. Ditto of Captain Wade, Master of the Ceremonies at Bath (ditto). 79. A Landscape and Figures. 80. Ditto.  
*Daniel Gardner*.—81. A Portrait of an Old Man (a drawing).  
*Edmund Garvey (Associate)*.—82. A View near Rome. 83. Ditto of a Gentleman's Seat. 84. Ditto of the Lake Albano, Morning. 85. Its companion, Evening. 86. The overflowing of an old Mill. 87. Its companion. 88. A View of a Gentleman's Seat and part of a Town.  
*Charles Grignon*.—89. A Portrait (in oil).  
*S. H. Grim*.—90. Falstaff recruiting. (Hen. IV. act iii. scene 5) (a stained drawing).  
*John Gwynn, R.A.*—91. A Design to make Whitehall a part of the British Museum, by the addition of a centre Piece opposite the Horse Guards.  
*Francis Hayman, R.A.*—92. Christ and the Two Disciples at Emaus.  
*Thomas Hickey*.—93. A Head of a Clergyman.  
*William Hoare, R.A.*—94. A Portrait of a Lady and a Boy (whole lengths).  
*Richard Holland*.—95. Elevation of a Design for a Villa.  
*Robert Home*.—96. The Portraits of two Brothers (half length). 97. A Portrait of a Young Gentleman (three quarters).  
*Nathaniel Hone, R.A.*—98. A Portrait of a Young Gentleman (whole length). 99. David, when a Shepherd, returning after having delivered his Lamb from the Lion (a kitcat). 100. A Lady in the character of Calista in the Fair Penitent. (Act v. scene 1.) (three quarters). 101. A Portrait of a Lady in her fourscoreth year (ditto). 102. Ditto of a Student, with a Plaster of Paris Head in his hand (ditto). 103. Ditto of a Boy composing a Garland. 104. Ditto with a Portfolio. 105. Ditto of a Girl with a Dog. 106. Ditto of a Lady (in enamel) for a ring.  
*James Gabriel Huquier*.—107. A Portrait of Himself (in crayons).  
*William James*.—108. A View of Westminster, from the Adelphi-buildings, in Durham-yard. 109. A View of Blackfriars Bridge from Somerset-house Gardens.  
*George James (Associate)*.—110. Cupid stung by a Bee (three quarters). 111. A Portrait of a Young Gentleman (ditto). 112. Ditto (ditto).  
*Angelica Hauffman, R.A.*—113. The Interview of King Edward with Elfrida after her marriage with Athelwold. 114. Acontio and Adippe, taken from

- Ovid, *Epist.* 19. 115. The Return of Telemachus (*Odyssey*, Book 17).  
116. Erminia finds Tancred wounded, and assists in his relief. (*Tasso*,  
Canto 19.) 117. The Portrait of a Lady and Child (three quarters).  
118. Ditto of an Artist (kitcat).

*John Joseph Kauffman*.—119. Moses presented to Pharaoh.

*Daniel Keefe*.—120. Two Miniatures.

*John Kent*.—121. A View of the Town of Corté in Corsica, formerly the residence of General Paoli, taken on the spot. 122. A View of the modern City of Girgenti in Sicily, and of the Ruins of the Temple of Concord, about two miles distance from it.

*John Kitchingman*.—123. A Portrait of a Young Gentleman (miniature).  
124. Ditto of a Lady, half length (ditto).

*J. Lerous*.—125. A View of part of the Polygon, now building at Southampton.

*Thomas Leverton*.—126. A Design of Woodford Hall, the seat of William Hunt, Esq., now building in Essex.

*Elias Martin* (Associate).—127. A View of the King's Palace in Stockholm. 128. A Landscape. 129. Ditto. 130. Ditto, the Nurse.

*Jeremiah Meyer*, R.A.—131. A Portrait (in enamel).

*Henry Morland*.—132. A Portrait of a Lady (in crayons).

*Mary Moser*, R.A.—133. A Flower Piece.

*George Mullins*.—134. A Landscape, Figures, and Cattle, with a Water-fall.  
135. Ditto, with a Merry-making. 136. Two Drawings.

*F. Milner Newton*, R.A. *Secretary* R.A.—137. A Portrait of a Clergyman (three quarters). 138. Ditto of an Officer (ditto).

*Joseph Nollekens*.—139. A Bust of a Nobleman (in marble). 140. A Model of Bacchus. 141. Ditto Pætus and Arria (a group).

*John Parker*.—142. A Landscape.

*William Pars* (Associate).—143. A View of the Mountains near Chamouny in Savoy, with the Source of the river Arveiron. 144. Ditto of the Valley of Ice, near Chamouny. 145. Ditto of the Glaciére on the mountain Furco, in Switzerland, with the Source of the Rhone. 146. Ditto of part of the Glaciére of Grindelwald, in the Canton of Berne. 147. Ditto of Devil's Bridge, over the Rheuss, in the Canton of Uri. 148. Ditto of the entrance of the Lake, and part of the Town of Lucerne. 149. Ditto of Lauffenbourg, one of the Forest Towns on the Rhine. 150. Ditto of a Roman Monument at Igel, near the Moselle in the Duchy of Luxembourg. 151. A Portrait of a Gentleman (three quarters).

*Edward Penny* (Professor of Painting).—152. A Portrait.

*Matthew William Peters*.—153. A Portrait of a Gentleman (half length).

*Simon Francis Ravenet* (Associate Engraver).—154. A Proof Print of an Academy.

*Biagio Rebecca*.—155. Hagar and Ishmael.

*Sir Joshua Reynolds*, P. R.A.—156. Venus chiding Cupid for learning

- to cast Accompts. 157. A Nymph and Bacchus. 158. A Girl reading. 159. An Old Man (half length). 160. Portrait of a Gentleman (three quarters). 161. Ditto of a Lady (ditto).
- John Richards, R.A.*—162. A View in St. James's Park before the alteration.
- Andres Rocca.*—163. A Portrait of a Gentleman (in crayons). 164. Ditto (ditto). 165. A Philosopher (ditto).
- Michael Angelo Rooker (Associate).*—166. A View of Merton College in Oxford (kitcat). 167. Lilishall Abbey, in the county of Salop (ditto). 168. Part of Wenlock Abbey (ditto).
- Joseph Rose, Jun.*—169. A Sacrifice to Hymen (a model).
- John Russell.*—170. Portrait of a Child with a Dog. 171. Ditto of a Lady (in crayons).
- Thomas Sandby, R.A. (Professor of Architecture).*—172. A View from the Arcade in Covent Garden.
- Paul Sandby, R.A.*—173. A View of Bridgnorth (water-colours). 174. Ditto of Bothwell Castle, in Clydesdale (ditto). 175. A Storm from The Winter's Tale (ditto). 176. Ditto Subsiding (ditto).
- John Sanders.*—177. A Portrait of a Young Lady (three quarters). 178. A Philosopher.
- Samuel Scott.*—179. A View of the Tower of London, supposed on His Majesty's Birth-day.
- James Scouler.*—180. A Portrait of a Gentleman (in miniature).
- Dominick Serres, R.A.*—181. A Fleet sailing out of the Downs, with the story of Black-eyed Susan. 182. The Royal George returning from the Bay. 183. A Sea Engagement by Moonlight. 184. A View on the river Ex near Powderham Castle, in Devonshire. 185. Ditto.
- Charles Sherriff.*—186. A Portrait of Himself (in crayons).
- Edward Stevens (Associate).*—187. Elevation of the principal front of Dove-ridge Hall, the Seat of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart., began Anno 1769. 188. A Casine or Shooting-lodge. 189. Ditto. 190. Ground Plan of the (Roman Villa) Laurentinum of Pliny the Consul, as described in his Epistle to his friend Gallus. (Lib. ii. Ep. 17.) 191. Elevation of the Principal or Front Entrance to ditto.
- James Tassie.*—192. A Portrait of a Gentleman (a model in paste). 193. Ditto (ditto).
- Richard Taylor.*—194. A View in Basinghall-street (a drawing).
- William Tompkins.*—195. Two Views in Cornwall. 196. Dead Game, with a Newfoundland Dog. 197. A View of Haswell Park, looking towards Bridgewater, Somersetshire; the Seat of Sir Charles Hymes Tynte, Bart. 198. Ditto in the Grove of ditto.
- Peter Toms, R.A.*—199. The Burdock, and other Wild Plants (a specimen of a work to be published).
- William Tyler, R.A.*—200. A Bust of a Gentleman (a model).
- Benjamin Vandergucht.*—201. A Portrait of a Child playing on the Guitar (at whole length).

- Lewis Vaslet*.—202. A Portrait of an Officer (in miniature).  
*Victor Vispre*.—203. A Fruit Piece (painted in oil upon glass). 204. Ditto (ditto). 205. Ditto (ditto). 206. Ditto (ditto).  
*Giovanni Vitalba*.—207. A Landscape (a drawing).  
*Samuel Wall*, R.A. (Professor of Perspective).—208. King Alfred making a Code of Laws, dividing the Kingdom into Counties, and encouraging the Arts and Sciences (a stained drawing).  
*Benjamin West*, R.A.—209. Hannibal brought when nine years old by his father Hamilchar to the Altar of Jupiter, where he swears eternal enmity to the Romans. 210. The Death of General Wolfe. 211. The Compassion of Pharaoh's Daughter for the Infant Moses. 212. Hector taking leave of Andromache. 213. The Continnence of Scipio, its companion. 214. The Death of Procris. 215. The Prodigal Son received by his Father. 216. Tobias curing his Father's Blindness, its companion. 217. A Mother and a Child.  
*George Willison*.—218. A Portrait of a Nobleman in his Coronation Robes (whole length). 219. The Portraits of a Lady and her three Children, with a Bust of their deceased Father (ditto). 220. A Portrait of a Young Gentleman (three quarters).  
*Richard Wilson*, R.A.—221. A View near Winstay, the Seat of Sir Watkins W. Wynn, Bart. 222. Ditto of Crow Castle, near Llangollen in Denbighshire. 223. Ditto of Houghton, the Seat of the late Marquis of Tavistock, Bedfordshire.  
*Joseph Wilton*, R.A.—224. A Bust of a Gentleman (in marble).  
*William Woodward*.—225. A Portrait (in miniature).  
*Robert Bateman Wray*.—226. Laocoon (an impression of a gem).  
*James Wyatt* (Associate).—227. A Ceiling, executed for Asheton Curzon, Esq. at Hagley in Staffordshire. 228. Elevation of a House, intended for a Nobleman, in Sussex.  
*John Yenn*.—229. Plan and Elevation of a Garden Pavilion.  
*Johan Zofanij*, R.A.—230. His Majesty (half length). 231. A Portrait of a Young Gentleman (whole length). 232. A Beggar's Family.  
*Francesco Zuccarelli*, R.A.—233. A Holy Family.  
*Antonio Zucchi* (Associate).—234. A Ruin of an ancient Monument, with Figures dancing.

*Honorary Members.*

235. A View of Ivybridge, in Devonshire, by *Copp. Warre Bampfylde, Esq.*  
 236. Ditto of Exmouth, by *ditto*. 237. Ditto of Holywell, in North Wales, by *Captain F. Grosse*. 238. A Snow Piece from fancy, by *ditto*. 239. A Landscape (a stained drawing), by *Theo. Forrest, Esq.* 240. A View of part of the Town of Southampton, by *Mr. E. Eyre, Jun.* 241. A Fruit Piece, by *Mr. Hayward*. 242. Flowers (from Nature), by a young Lady. 243. Portrait of a Young Gentleman (in crayons), by the *Hon. Miss S. Keck*. 244. A Portrait (in oil), by *Lady Littleton*. 245. A View of the Pont Neuf at Paris, by a Gentleman. 246. A View of the Port of Antwerp, by *Geo. Keate, Esq.*, the figures by *S. H. Grim*. 247. Ditto of the Capuchin's

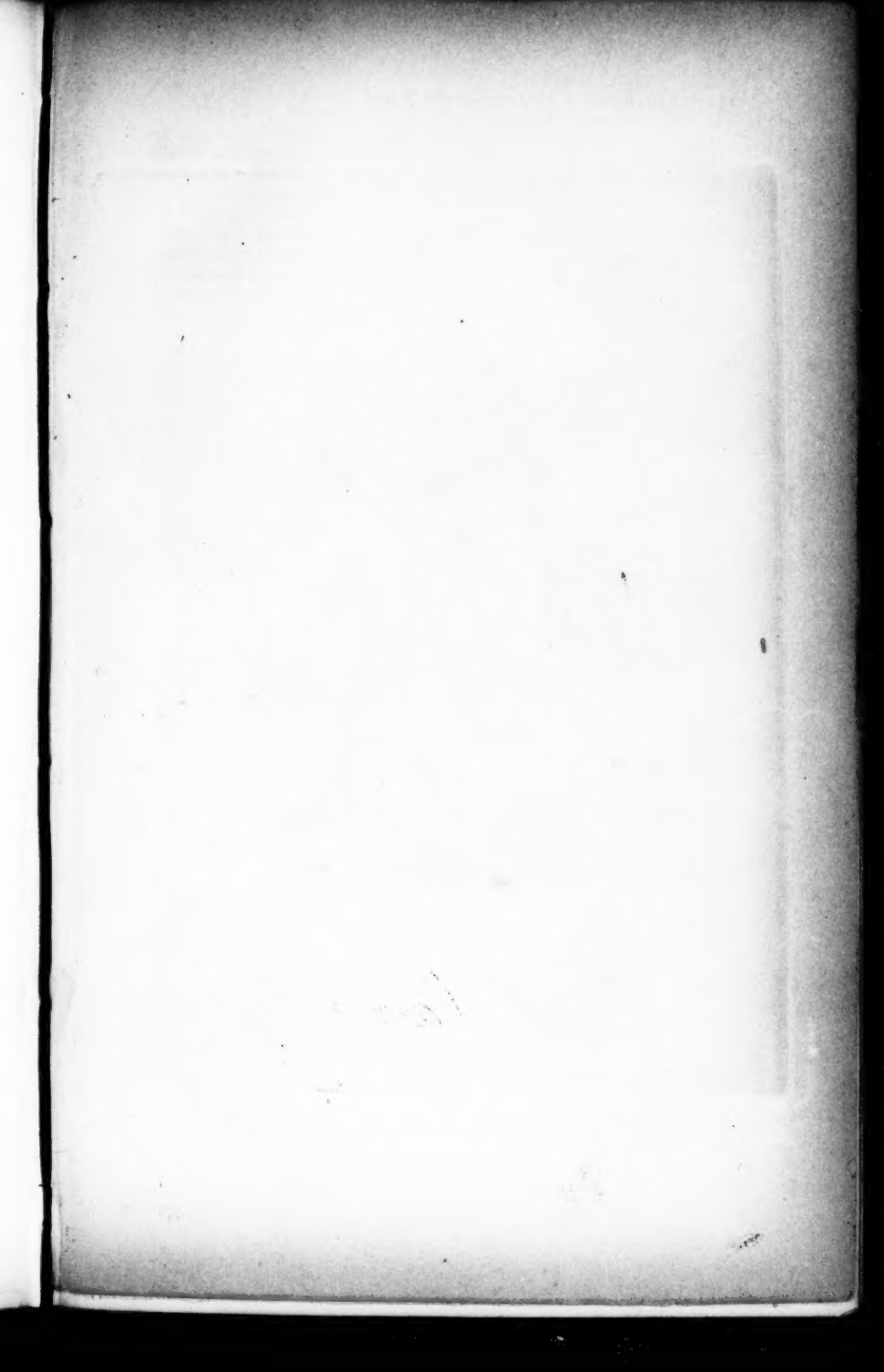


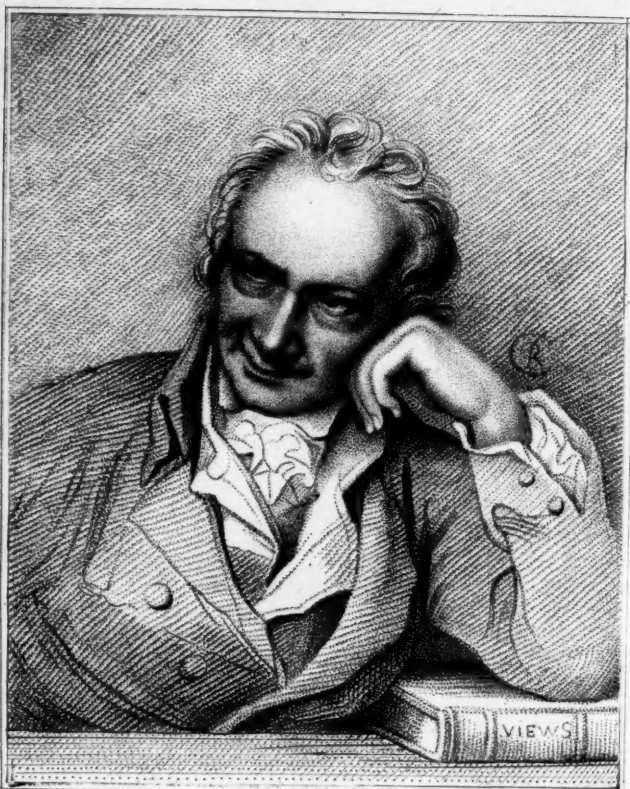
Convent at ditto, *by ditto*. 248. A View of a Passage through a rock in the Pyrenees, supposed to have been cut by Hannibal, and called by the inhabitants Hannibal's Gap (stained drawings), *by a Gentleman*. 249. A Portrait of a Cork-tree growing in the neighbourhood of the above View, *by ditto*. 250. A Landscape, *by Miss Ford*. 251. A Flower Piece of Wild Plants, collected in America, *by Capt. Davies, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery*. 252. Ditto of the Horn Plant of Detroit, with a large Moth, *by ditto*. 253. Ditto of the Creeping Cereus with a Fly, *by ditto*. 254. Flowers, *by a young Lady*. 255. Two Children, *by a Lady*. 256. A Girl sitting on a Rock, *by ditto*.

*Omitted.*

257. Two Views of Mr. Garrick's Seat at Hampton, *by Mr. J. Barralet*. 258. A View of part of Limbough Castle, *by Mr. T. Callard*. 259. The Portraits of two young Gentlemen, *by Mr. N. Downer*. 260. The Portrait of a Gentleman (half length), *by Mr. J. Hay, Leicester-street, Leicester-fields*. 261. A Portrait, *by Mr. R. Hurlston, Cary-street*. 262. A Landscape, *by Mr. W. Jackson, at Exeter*. 263. Ditto, its companion, *by ditto*. 264. A Bunch of Grapes, *by Mr. W. Jones, at Bath*. 265. A Landscape and Figures, *by Mr. G. Mullins*. 266. Ditto, *by ditto*. 267. Ditto, *by ditto*. 268. A Landscape, *by Mr. J. Parker*. 269. A Portrait of a Clergyman (small whole length), *by Mr. J. Russell*. 270. Ditto of a young Gentleman, *by ditto*. 271. A View of Blackfriars Bridge, from the Earl of Fife's garden at Whitehall, *by Mr. W. Tompkins*. 272. A Portrait in the character of Merlin, *by Mr. B. Vandergucht*.

[To be continued.]





R. Corway, R. A. del.

R. Dagley, sculp.

*Paul Sandby*

Library of the Fine Arts, Dec<sup>r</sup> 1831.

